

Saint Andrew's College Review



Mid-Summer
1933

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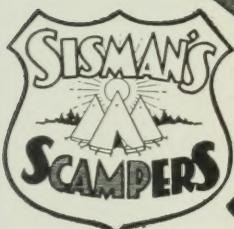
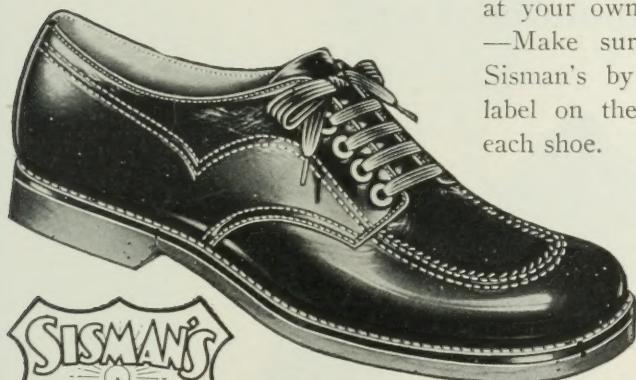
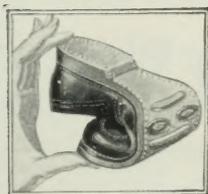
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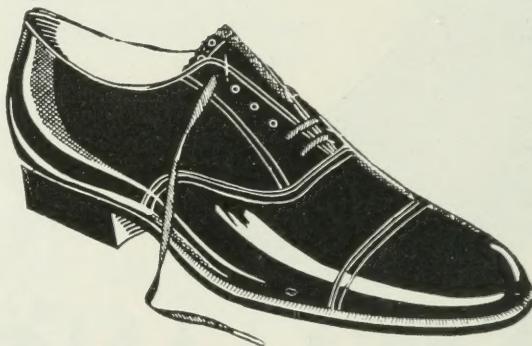
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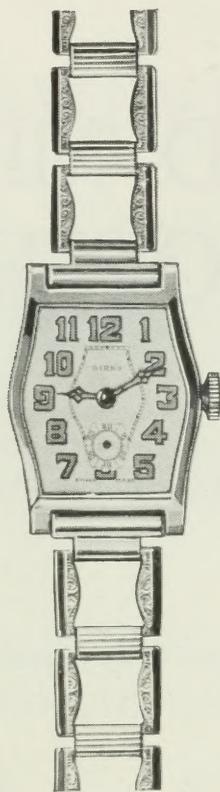


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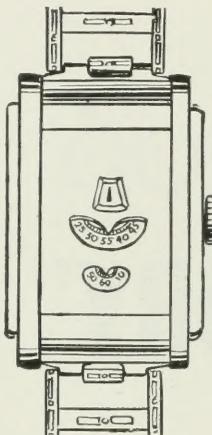
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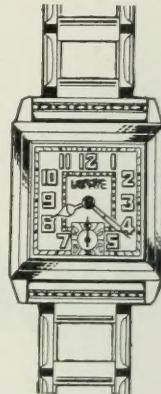
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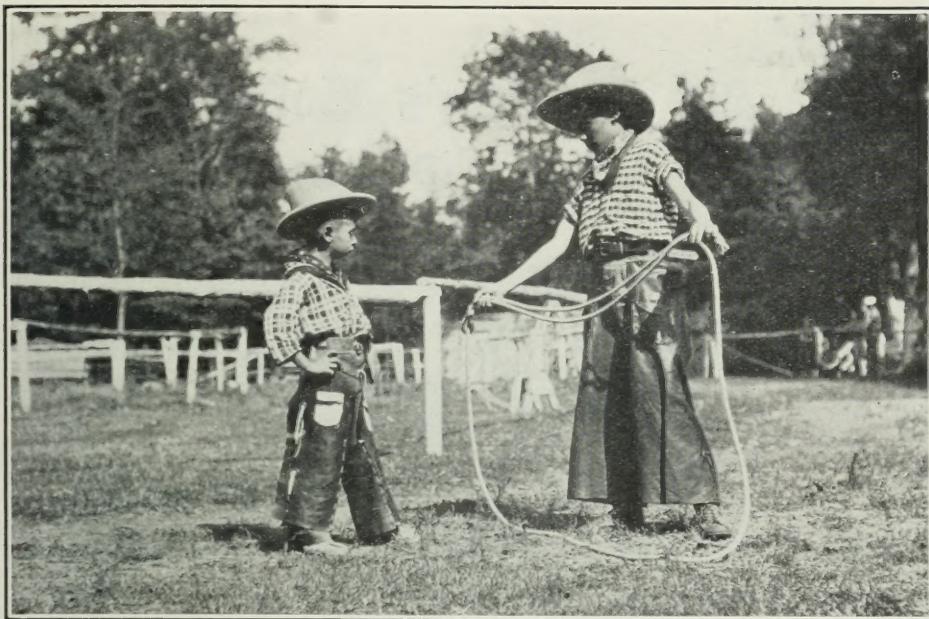
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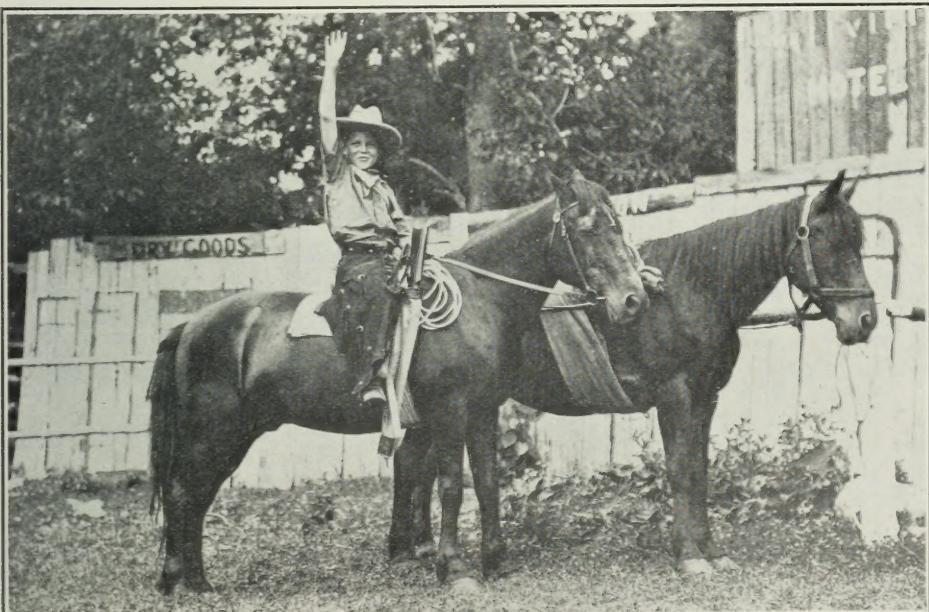


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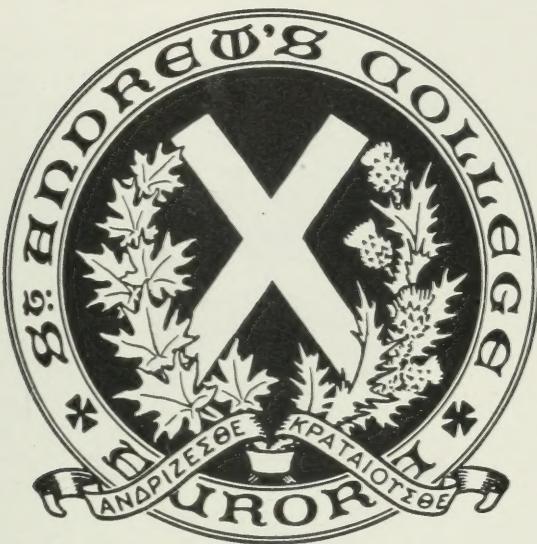
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The St. Andrew's College Review



Mid-Summer 1933

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The aim of the REVIEW is to present a faithful record of the life of the School. . . . to embody the traditions of which we are justly proud, yet keep pace with the times. . . . to be a salutation to Andreans past,—a standard for Andreans to come.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	15
MR. E. A. CHAPMAN	18
 ARTICLES	
Government Control of Radio	19
The Toronto Carrying Place	22
Adolph in Blunderland	25
Christians Still	27
The Appreciation of Music	29
Shooting the Lachine Rapids	32
Italian Switzerland	34
Beagling	37
Old Boys in Sport	39
That One Talent	42
The English Lakes	45
 POEMS	
The Broken Thread	21
Andrew	31
 SCHOOL NEWS	
The Upper Sixth	47
The Head Prefect	51
Cadet Corps	53
Rifle Shooting	55
Cadet Corps Dance	56
The Gymnastic Display	56
The Ontario Interscholastic "Gym" Team Meet	58
Life Saving	59
The Penguin Club	61
Assault-at-Arms	62
The Barrie Athletic Meet	63
The Richmond Hill Sports Meet	65
The Literary Society	67
CHAPEL NOTES	66
 CRICKET, HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL	
First Team Cricket	71
First Team Hockey	75
Bantam Hockey	80
First Team Basketball	81
 MACDONALD HOUSE	
Notes	84, 89
Cricket	84
Hockey	86
Skits	91
OLD BOYS' NEWS	94
EXCHANGES	99
SKITS	101

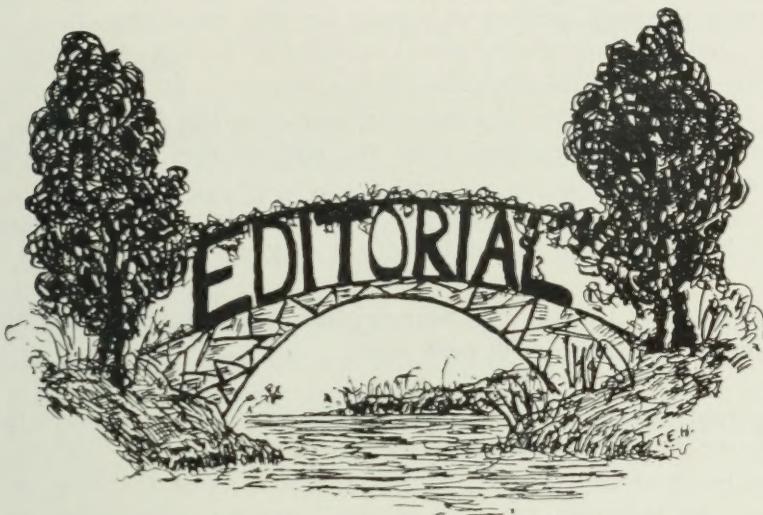
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St. Andrew's College Review

Mid-Summer, 1933



T is June, 1933. Again we pause to chronicle the events of another school year, a year which has differed in many respects from its long line of predecessors. While living together during these months we have become conscious of a change—a nearness to stark reality that many of us had failed to sense before.

Incidents, in themselves of trifling importance, have prompted us to consider the future a little more seriously than has been our custom. We have changed; the very uncertainty of the times has brought us together more closely than environment alone could ever have done.

Though not a large body, we are an earnest one, and reviewing the year now history, we may congratulate ourselves in all modesty on a job well done. In work and play we have given ourselves in unselfish co-operation to the task at hand. The result is that in spite of the fact that the Depression is still reported to be holding its own, this year has blessed us no less tangibly than its forbears.

We feel sure that you who read these pages will forgive this soliloquy, but it is fitting that the abstract, but vital quality commonly called "School Spirit" should be duly noted when observed.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Sir Daniel McMillan, K.C.M.G., former Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba and a member of

our Advisory Board. Sir Daniel has taken a helpful interest in the college over a period of many years, and his passing leaves a vacancy which will not easily be filled.

Some of our readers, no doubt, wondered that they had not received the Easter issue; others, perhaps, were unaware that they had missed it. No matter to which group you belong, we offer our explanations. The many activities of the winter term, coupled with a week of examinations, leave little time for the production of the REVIEW. In the past we have spent less time than we would have liked upon the Easter issue; consequently it has been found wiser to combine this number with the Midsummer one.

We feel that such an action will not retard our progress, but rather that it should improve the quality of the magazine.

The REVIEW is happy to acknowledge and reproduce several contributions from Andreans of past years.

Mention is made elsewhere of our two gymnasium displays during the winter, but the REVIEW heartily congratulates Mr. Griffiths who gave so much of his time and energy to assure its outstanding success. Of those who took part, the Gymnasium Team especially deserve credit. In their exhibitions, both here and in Toronto, they have created an enviable reputation among the similar organizations of the province.

Right here we make a bow to the Lower School Hockey team for coming through a heavy season undefeated, thus giving us their best performance in some years. Their example should be a source of inspiration to our other teams, and we assure you that they will be heard from again in the not-far-distant future.

With this issue we bid farewell to Captain C. A. B. Young, who, during the last three years, has rendered constant service to almost every school activity. While primarily a master in the Lower School, Captain Young has worked untiringly with the Cadet Corps and the cricket teams, and the results of his efforts are all that could be desired. We extend to him our appreciation, and our good wishes go with him and his wife in their future work.

No review of the year would be complete without reference to the Headmaster's address, "To-day and To-morrow," delivered before the Home and School Club at Forest Hill Village school on March 14.

He commenced with a resumé of the world political, financial and economic conditions brought about by the Great War, and observed that man had not developed sufficiently to control the works of his own hands.

While emphasizing the necessity of interdependence, he stressed first and foremost the need for faith in one's own country.

"Our hope," he said, "must lie in the rising generation." And he proceeded to show that only those instructed in the art of living could ever fulfil that hope.

The home, the school, and the church were mentioned as the three great character-moulding organizations of youth. The home had grown full of distractions, and the church had become neglected. In many cases it was left for the school to shoulder the responsibilities of parents. Many schools had in view only the student's ability to pass examinations; a school with the proper environment could do much, but it could not replace the home or the church.

"Certain habits of life which a faithful and churchgoing race of fathers instilled into us will never be without effect in our case," he concluded. "but I do fear for the rising generation. Their eyes are upon us, and they, having little experience in life, will go too far, only to acquire too late, the knowledge that there may be a golden meaning in life."

An Editorial is never finished. There is always something which passes unsaid, no matter how many pages are written. It is difficult to leave you, haunted as we are, by that sense of incompleteness which editors know so well.

Many we hope to see again in the fall, and to them go our good wishes for a well-earned holiday. There are some whose days amongst us are numbered; they cannot know what Destiny has prepared for them, but they are confident. To you who are about to launch your craft on the troubled waters of Life, "A safe and prosperous voyage—and a quiet harbour when the Ocean lies behind."

EDITOR GENERAL

Au Revoir



MR. EARNEST A. CHAPMAN

MR. EARNEST A. CHAPMAN has been our director of Physical Education for twenty-eight years. In addition to this he is a prominent Rotarian, and the President of the Royal Life-Saving Society's Ontario branch.

Mr. Chapman came to the School in 1905, the first year at the Rosedale building, and prior to his appointment had been lightweight boxing and wrestling champion of Canada.

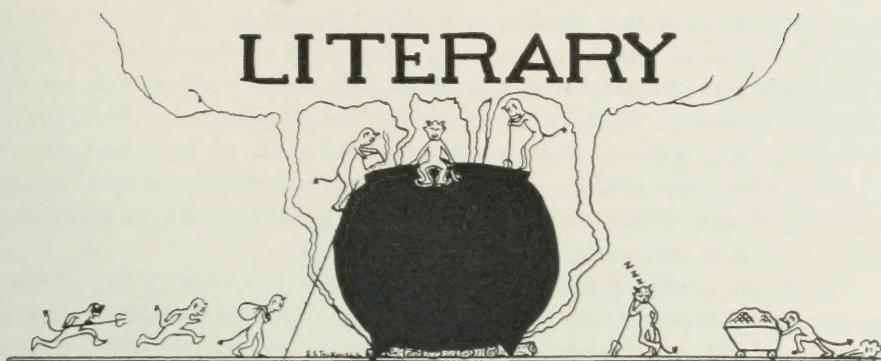
As a young man, he studied at Harvard with a view to becoming a physician, but entered, instead, the field of physical training.

He was married in 1908, and the following year he founded Camp Kagawong on Manitoulin Island in Georgian Bay. The next summer the camp was moved to Balsam Lake

where, to-day, it is one of the Dominion's finest boys' camps, both in equipment and situation.

Until 1926 Mr. Chapman took an active part in the gymnasium work as instructor, and since the school has been at Aurora he has given constant oversight to the work of his successors.

Feeling that Mr. Griffiths is competent to carry on, and wishing to devote his full time to his many and varied interests outside the college, Mr. Chapman is retiring at the end of the year. We are sorry to see him leave, but we are sure that he will not completely sever his association with the school for which he has worked so long.



Government Control of Radio

SCIENTIFIC discovery has been very rapid during the past thirty years. In the field of entertainment there was a period of gramophone supremacy prior to the advent of the radio, but the latter soon displaced it. The radio as a medium of entertainment is only ten years old. There does not appear to be any danger in the near future of its disappearance, unless it should give way to television, which is really a twin brother of radio. When one considers that in its ten years of existence the radio has rapidly become a tremendous factor in the everyday life of America, one shudders to think of it growing any older without a good education. It is a child prodigy, born of science, whose natural tendencies are both good and bad. As with every other child, its education is of prime importance. It must not be allowed to grow into manhood without the restraint of some sober hand to attest against its wantonness. It must have some wise advice as to the utilization of its finer potentialities. It is a well-known fact that radio to-day is being recognized by far too many as purely a source of frivolous entertainment and that its great possibilities in government, education, culture, etc., are being sadly neglected. If possible, it is my desire to show that radio can be maintained at its rightful status in our lives only by some form of government control.

The principle of operation of the present radio system is that industry will supply the broadcasts in the form of advertisements. The means by which the sponsors of these programmes determine their nature are not quite clear to me. I only know that as a rule the programmes consist of dance orchestras, colloquial wit and buffoonery. There are, however, many fine broadcasts of an educational and cultural nature, but these are in the minority. Many large corporations in America own and operate their own stations, and of course, rent them to smaller stations desirous of publicity. There are also large firms whose business is owning and

operating broadcasting studios. Another aspect of the present radio system worthy of notice is the large number of stations broadcasting. There are many stations operating on the same wave-length but in different countries, which cause a great deal of interference. Also, many radio-receiving sets are being produced which can pick up stations in any country in the world. It is apparent that international conferences regarding broadcasting must be held sooner or later, and that under the present system this would be difficult to arrange.

There are several types of government control of radio. In Canada, government control of radio is no longer a question, as it has been adopted by the federal government. Naturally we have not yet felt the consequences, as the government only recently arrived at the decision. The Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission has been set up by an act of parliament. Mr. Hector Charlesworth, former editor of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, has been appointed president of this commission. He is peculiarly suited to this office as he has always kept his finger on the Canadian pulse and maintained an outlook abreast of the times. This commission was given a grant of one million dollars. Thus far the commission has succeeded in sponsoring several fine programmes each week over prominent Canadian stations. Its real aim, however, is to own and operate a chain of stations across the Dominion and to control the programmes of other stations. It will, of course, be several years in completing its programme of complete government control. There are many more important features of government control of radio than public ownership. In fact, public ownership is only a means to an end. The most interesting aspect of government control is the "end". The "end" is, briefly, to broadcast a wide variety of programmes at all times which should satisfy the requirements of every Canadian. Instead of grandmother hating the radio for its too ample supply of twentieth century harmony, she will be able to enjoy some form of dignified entertainment as late as eleven o'clock in the evening, which is very nearly impossible with the present system. School children will be able to listen to famous incidents in Canadian history in dialogue form. Corporations desiring to give broadcasts will be allowed to present only what is deemed fit by the Radio Commission. There will be some amusing or educating broadcast for every member of the family every hour of the day, instead of only haphazardly, as at present.

On account of the brevity with which I am obliged to treat this subject I do not feel that this essay is complete enough to turn the sentiments of anyone prejudiced against government control of radio. I should like to advance briefly in this paragraph a few of my reasons for believing so implicitly in it. I feel, in common with many others, that science is running man off his feet. Radio is one of the greatest gifts science has

bestowed upon mankind. It is so universal in its application after a period of ten years of existence that its importance and popularity cannot be questioned. But there are large concerns with lucrative designs who are fighting for a monopoly of radio manufacture and broadcasting rights. Fortunately, one of the largest of these was recently broken up by the timely intervention of the United States government. It is plain to see that the great potentialities of radio are not being overlooked by private speculators. Their unimpeded buccaneering may prove disastrous to the future of radio and that is why our government is taking the situation in hand before it is too late, and will develop it in the best interests of the nation. Apart from the business interests, government control will, as I previously mentioned, improve the broadcast matter tremendously. Moreover, we shall not be presuming if we prophesy much controversy over the merits of the changes to be effected by the commission.

I should like to conclude by pointing out that the sentiment of the Canadian people is divided regarding public ownership of utilities. It has been especially so since the revelation of the true railway situation. But after the experience gained, at the rather exorbitant price of two and one half billion dollars, in the results of mal-administration of public utilities, the people of Canada should have learned how to operate their federal business by a more efficient system of public ownership.

The Broken Thread

Hark! 'Tis the song of a thirsty blade
Singing wild, sweet music to the thrilling air.
Heaped by this sword lies a circle of slain,
But grim Death smiles in his hidden lair
As close behind a hand holds high a knife.
The blood-drunk steel leaps up to drink again
And wet cold lips at the warm breast of life.
Hot blood surges madly through unquiet veins.
Death with his hand the curbing reins
Tugs sharply. In mid-air the blow is stayed.
The cycle of life its ruptured course forsakes.
Strained too long the taut thread breaks.
Hastening shoreward the dying ripples race.
The pool of life presents a placid face.

ROBT. T. CATTLE, JR., '32.

The Toronto Carrying-Place

IN Canada and the United States exploration and settlement followed the great waterways and the trails of the aborigines. The former still serve as means of communication, but the majority of the latter have disappeared under the plough of the pioneer. These vanished trails had a great importance to the Indians and to the early settlers, and some of them may be compared to our railways and highways which run from coast to coast and make the most distant regions accessible. There was a well marked trail, for example, from the Great Lakes to the Hudson Bay, another along the north shore of Lake Ontario and the Thames valley by which the traveller could go from Montreal to Detroit. By following the great trunk routes it was possible to travel on foot with few breaks from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Such trails differed, of course, very much from the trails which ran from village to village or from lake to lake, which would change and disappear with the fluctuations of population; they had a permanence due to their utility and most of these trunk lines of communication must have been as old as human life on the continent.

The region between Toronto and the Georgian Bay was traversed by one of these important trails. Two-thirds of the distance between these two fresh water seas is navigable waterway. Thirty miles of trail from the mouth of the Humber to the west branch of the Holland river completed a short-cut which saved hundreds of miles of tiresome paddling over exposed waters. This passage between Lake Ontario and the Georgian Bay was known as early as the time of La Salle as the "Toronto Portage", and it continued to be an important thoroughfare till the founding of York, when Yonge Street took its place.

St. Andrew's College is right in the heart of this interesting region. About six miles to the west of the College the course of the Carrying-Place from the head of the sixth concession, the township of King, to the mouth of the Humber may be traced on the maps, for the actual path has itself long since disappeared. Along the hills which we see to the east of the College ran the eastern branch of the portage leading from Holland Landing to the mouth of the Rouge. There are no good maps of this section of the trail, but it is likely that part of it followed the route now taken by the railway. These two branches of the portage from Lake Simcoe to Lake Ontario were at one time equally important; they were of equal length and would be used according to the direction in which the traveller was going.

During the first half of the seventeenth century when the French were established on the Georgian Bay we know very little about the region in

which our school is situated. The Iroquois, who were the fierce rivals of the Hurons for the possession of the fur trade, were in possession of the north and south shores of Lake Ontario, and the French could only reach their stations on Lake Huron by way of the Ottawa. Nevertheless the trail is shown for the first time on Sanson's map of 1650.

It is during the second half of the seventeenth century that the region in which we live began to come into history. The French, after the building of Fort Frontenac in 1673, became familiar with Lake Ontario and began to use the Toronto Carrying-Place in both its branches as a means of communication between Fort Frontenac and Michilimackinac, the new centre of the fur trade in the north. At this time the Hurons had been expelled from Ontario and the Iroquois used the whole country as a beaver hunting-ground. There must have been many of these sagacious little animals in the streams about Aurora. The great explorer Joliet was one of the first to traverse the district after the expulsion of the Hurons. In the map which he made in 1674 only two places are marked in what is now the Province of Ontario, Fort Frontenac and the Toronto Carrying-Place. This is an indication of the importance of the route. It is now known that the trail was traversed by very many of the early explorers, missionaries and traders, and that the region was occupied first by the Hurons, then by the Iroquois, and finally by the Missisaugas, who were in possession of the country when the first British settlers arrived. Traces of these early inhabitants are still turned up by the plough.

At the conclusion of the War of American Independence when Great Britain ceded to the United States that huge tract of land lying north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi, a region which had formerly been regarded as a part of Canada, the merchants in Montreal were compelled to look for a new route to the great fur country of the North-West; they had lost the rich region south of the lakes, and it was necessary to find a route entirely within British territory, which would enable them to exploit the still richer regions of the north. The importance of the Toronto Carrying-Place was immediately recognized, and five years before Simcoe founded his town of York, Lord Dorchester laid out on the same site his town of Toronto. Thus it was that the city of Toronto really owed its origin to the old Indian trail. Simcoe in 1793 immediately replaced the trail by a straight road cut through the woods calling it Yonge Street after the member of Parliament in England in whose constituency he had lived.

That is how Yonge Street had its origin. It was intended to take the place of the Carrying-Place. Judging by the traffic on Yonge Street on a holiday the road still continues to serve much the same purpose as the trail. St. Andrew's College boys in this historic region may picture

to themselves all the changes which have taken place in transportation from Indians and canoes, ox-carts and horses and stage coaches to trolley-cars and bicycles and railways and motors and flying machines. It is an interesting pageant and we probably have not yet come to the end.

P. J. R.



PREFECTS

Standing, left to right: J. M. SHAPLEY, A. F. GRAHAM, F. G. COX.
Sitting, left to right: J. F. HUGHES, T. G. ARMSTRONG, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD,
J. H. HAMILTON.

Adolph in Blunderland

(*A hectic interview with Herr Hitler*)

By our special correspondent
ISAAC VAN PASSENBAUM



ISSAC VAN PASSENBAUM

THE dynamic personality gazed at my card beneath beetled brows; then, with a quick upward movement, he jerked his haggard visage to where I stood, trembling but determined:

"You are a Jew," he rasped, foaming horribly at the mouth.

"I am a Canadian citizen," I countered easily.

The man who has terrorized a continent ran his long fingers through his matted hair and sighed something which I failed to catch.

"Herr Hitler," I ventured, now completely at my ease, "is it true that you are insane?"

"Sometimes I don't know what to think,"

the dictator admitted gloomily, "but then there's always the Jews to fall back on," he continued, his face brightening as he noted my furtive glance at the ceiling.

My SANG FROID was fast deserting me, but, shifting uneasily, I began again.

"Our readers," said I, "are anxious to know just what you intend to do now that you have come into power."

"I intend," came the impassioned reply, "to keep Germany for the Germans!"

"And Austria for the Austrians," said I in an undertone remembering the country honoured by his birth. The Nazi chieftain coughed.

"Have a chair," he coaxed.

At this point our sparring was interrupted by the presence of a large black object which crashed through the window and landed neatly on the massive desk.

"A bomb," said Adolph quietly pointing at the spluttering fuse.—"It might have killed me."

"But it didn't," I remarked for want of something better to say. "What are you going to do with it?"

My host's reply was drowned in the clatter of hobnail boots, and two burly ruffians burst unceremoniously into the room, their arms raised

in the Nazi salute. The Dictator swung around and faced them. "Next time I have you pull a stunt like that, see that the window is open," said the man of iron curtly. "It takes money to run this place. Now, send the photographers in and don't forget the usual headline: 'Attempt to assassinate Hitler foiled'."

When the henchmen had departed the superman picked up the engine of death.

"It's filled with sand," he explained as he flicked it into the waste basket. "And," he added as an afterthought, "thousands of Jews and Communists and things will pay for attempting this dastardly deed!"

Staggered by the devilish cunning of this Master Mind I could only gasp a feeble assent. As my mind strayed over the events of the last half hour they seemed like a shadowy nightmare. Outside, the April sun was sinking behind the Wilhelmstrasse, and in the park a brass band was playing the "Red Flag".

Hitler seemed unaware of my presence. He stared moodily at the carpet. I rose to go and as he looked up I saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"I am so tired, Passenbaum," he sighed, addressing me by name, "you have no idea how hard it is to look fierce for the tabloids.

My heart softened. Here was the real Hitler, the man behind the mask. Forgotten was the shedder of blood—the braggart, and in their place was a little man terrified by the bigness of his job.

As I reached the door I was conscious of the high-pitched strains of a mellow violin; he was fondling his Stradivarius. Catching my parting glance he paused, bow lifted dramatically high in the air.

"Passenbaum," he said in a voice choked with emotion, "I have never persecuted anyone; I have never attempted to gain power by force; I am peace-loving, law-abiding, and God-fearing—in all my speeches I have championed the Hebrew people—"

"But Herr Hitler!" I cried, "the newspapers—the refugees; why, what you say is impossible!"

The man was silent for a full minute, like one in a trance, then slowly, very slowly, he turned to me once more:

"VAS YOU DERE,—SHARLIE?"

Christians Still

RUSSIA is a country where religion is tolerated, but no more than tolerated, any longer. The children have lost God entirely, or, to be more exact, never knew Him, for their parents are forbidden to give them any religious teaching whatsoever. The older people are also encouraged by every possible means to give up their religion, but as yet they have not been actually forced to do so. A great many have abandoned their faith, but there are still those who have not done so, and it is these who find themselves faced with a very disheartening situation. They are carrying on, but the odds are ever increasing. They realize only too well that their years are numbered, and that when they are gone, no younger hands will be there to take up the work of the church. It is for this reason that they are extremely unhappy and discouraged.

Picture a small Russian town. A little church stands in one of its noisy streets. Probably when it was built it fitted into the street, as the necessary peace and quiet existed. But such is no longer the case. The once peaceful little thoroughfare has become a victim of the spirit of new times. It has been opened up, reconstructed and widened, and is now just another noisy road. Shops and buildings of all kinds have sprung up, and the little church, at one time so picturesque, surrounded by its tall trees and bushes is no longer anything but a glaring misfit. The trees—the bushes, have for the most part been ruthlessly hewn down; barren loneliness has taken the place of happiness and contentment.

But let us look inside. Tall images in and around the large windows keep out the greater part of the light, which is little enough, due to the dark stained glass windows. Toward the front are the church banners—pieces of golden coloured fabric with multi-coloured centres.

It is evening and the Christian people of the village, though few in number, are assembled in this holy place that they may give themselves up for an hour to prayer and worship. Four small coal-oil lamps together share the task of illuminating the interior. The whole atmosphere is one of dulness and gloom. The people seem lifeless, and depressed. Their faces wear a look of disappointment which is not far from being a look of distress.

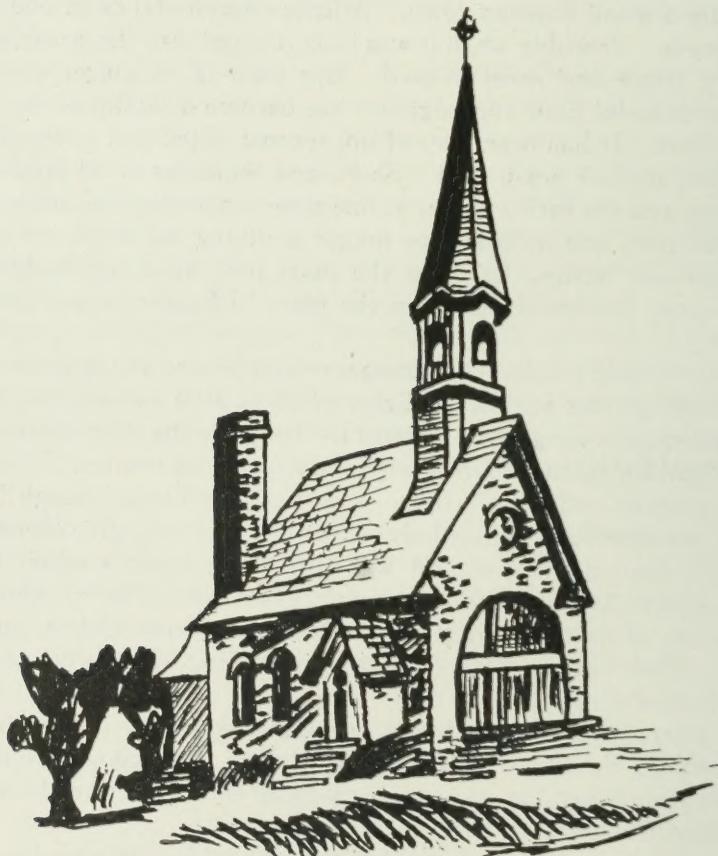
The priest is standing before a praying desk, dimly lighted by one small candle. He has no assistant now, though years ago he would not have dreamed of carrying on a service without the stern voice of a deacon being raised from time to time.

The priest himself looks like a mountain of gold. Only his head in a tall black hat emerges from his robe of gold brocade. His ears are thin

and almost waxesen. His voice, if it may be called a voice, is one of a sick and weary man—a man who is fighting a losing fight and who knows it. His face is pale and sickly; deep shadows lie under the protruding cheekbones, and his colourless eyes are sunken. Those eyes seem to have lost the world entirely. There is a vacant look in them as if he seemed to see something far away.

The service lasts about an hour. During its course the priest breathes the words of various prayers, while the worshippers listen intently with bowed heads. Chants are sung. Long shadows are cast on the walls and floor in the dull light, and the whole thing seems to have something strange but extremely reverend about it. Finally the sermon comes. The priest speaks of John in the wilderness. He closes with the words, "We too are in a wilderness—may God bring us aid!" A long hymn follows. It is a slow and sadly beautiful hymn in praise of the Father. The service is finished, and once again the little gathering goes out into the noisy street.

WEBSTER, LVI.



The Appreciation of Music

MUSIC, if reduced to its simplest terms, may be said to consist of the following fundamental elements: Rhythm, Melody, Harmony and Form. Of these Rhythm, while not of more importance than the others, comes first. An arrangement of agreeable sounds in an irregular manner would not be musical, so that the regular swing or Rhythm becomes absolutely necessary.

But Rhythm alone very soon becomes monotonous; so, to be truly music, we must have a tune also. This would give true music, but of a very simple form.

Very greatly increased interest is given when two or more tunes which go musically together are used simultaneously, or when one tune is accompanied by harmonic sounds to give it a richer background.

Even this is hardly sufficient to make an interesting composition. We must have form or architectural outline on somewhat the same basis as in poetry.

With these fundamentals in our mind, let us now consider some of the main divisions of music from a general standpoint.

We may divide musical compositions into some such varieties as, solo music, vocal or instrumental choral music, programme music (instrumental), and lastly, abstract music.

Solo music is understandable by anyone, particularly vocal solos. The melody of an instrumental solo may be more difficult to appreciate, but it is less difficult than the complexities of harmony.

In harmonic music the simplest type is called programme because it follows some definite imitation or description, which is easily seen.

When we come to abstract music, always instrumental of course, we come to the most advanced type as shown in the orchestral symphony, piano sonata and others.

Now, with these things in our mind, let us see how we may best enjoy listening to music.

To begin, the first thing we hear is just the musical or pleasant sound. Rhythm soon makes itself evident without undue prominence.

Harmony adds to the pleasure because of its richness and variety, but it is not necessary to analyse it as we listen.

Vocal music gives its own definite programme while instrumental programme music tickles the fancy as each descriptive part follows in order.

Over all this the symmetrical form of the composition should unconsciously please the listener because of the almost universal understanding of regularity.

The last and greatest variety of music, the abstract, will have all of the fundamental elements, but will or may mean a different thing to everyone who hears it. It is universal in its appeal, and if truly great as exemplified in the great classics, will give the greatest pleasure of all.

To appreciate music, let all these things appeal to you. Try and hear the beauty of pure sound, of rhythm, melody, harmony and form, but do not try to analyse it.

Open your mind; keep it receptive; let the music suggest to you what it will, and a world of pure pleasure is yours, which grows wider and deeper as you listen.

J. Y. S. R.



LIBRARIANS

Standing, left to right: J. D. PERRIN, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, H. M. THOMSON.

Sitting, left to right: A. F. GRAHAM, J. M. SHAPLEY, E. S. MACDONALD, T. H. G. DONNELLY.

Andrew

Fishing smacks in the misty dawn,
Swishing of wavelets upon the shore,
The cry of gulls, and the odour strong
 Of fish, and hemp—and something more—
Voices, too, in the hush of day,
 Vibrant and deep—the tones of men;
Footsteps are echoing far away,
 Nearer they sound; a pause, and then
Sunlight sweeps up the rolling hills,
 Shimmers on waters of Galilee,
Two hearts throb to a Voice that thrills—
 “Leave your nets and follow Me!”

Andrew followed. The way was hard;
 Hopes were shattered; the world was black;
But Light broke through, and in faith unmarred
 Andrew followed, and turned not back.
Mocked and imprisoned and jeered in scorn,
 Spreading the wonder of Man redeemed,
Glorious he passed, and a flame reborn
 Through the mists of Eternity brightly gleamed.
An Empire crumbles, and kingdoms fall;
 Centuries pass in feverish strife;
Men have forgotten—denied it all,
 Yet steadfast still shines the Hope of Life.

Nature provides for the revels of Youth
 Firing its pulses to fancied joys;
Some, remembering, grope for the truth;
 Many are lost in the rush and noise.
Weary of worldliness, greed and sin,
 Mutely we cry that we may be free.
Ever a voice comes soft within,
 “The past is forgiven—follow Me.”

T. E. H.

Shooting the Lachine Rapids

ONE summer, after spending my vacation on Stanley Island near Summertown, I had the privilege of taking a trip down the St. Lawrence River from Cornwall to Montreal.

Leaving the hotel before lunch, I took the small ferry which chugged across the open water to the mainland. As we left the island we passed a large grain vessel on her way down stream, and our little boat tossed violently in the ship's wake.

On arriving at the mainland we immediately drove in large automobiles to the wharf from which the vessel was to sail. We motored through great, open stretches of wonderful country—beautiful in its array of flowers, shrubs, and trees.

When we reached the dock and had embarked, we sat on the deck awaiting the hour of sailing.

During dinner a great many passengers scrambled up in order to get their last glimpse of the island on which they had spent such a happy and colourful vacation.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we caught sight of the first stretch of rapids. As we approached they grew in shape, seemed like wild, white, foamy horses prancing about. The people clustered to the rail; the excitement grew more intense as the moments fled.

The pilot took the wheel on the bridge, and steered the vessel straight on to the narrow channel between the jagged rocks amid the boiling mass of surging green water.

Many of the passengers opened up their cameras in order to procure, if possible, a few pictures of this magnificent stretch of picturesque rapids.

The ship now enters the narrow channel, just wide enough for the boat, and there seem to be very few feet to spare on either bank. On each side are large, black rocks which, in some places, protrude from the very bed. The river becomes a seething mass of foaming, green water—tumbling over jagged rocks, and all the time keeping up its continual dull, droning roar.

Cameras click; peoples' eyes gleam; lips part in smiles. Oh, 'twas a happy crowd of passengers that gazed at these beautiful Lachine Rapids!

Few seemed to realize what a terrible catastrophe there would be, if the pilot were, for a single moment, to take his eyes from his course.

The year preceding the one when I shot the rapids, the "Rapids Queen" ran foul of the channel, and, as a result, found herself aground in the middle of a treacherous part of the river. Fortunately, however, the passengers, the captain and the crew were brought to safety by a rescue party.

Passing through this stretch of dangerous water, the good boat proceeds on through a calm reach of the river. The excitement subsides, people resume their chairs, and there is almost absolute silence, except for the chatting of a few of the children.

Soon we approach and go through another series of magnificent rapids. The excitement grows even more tense, the people even more amazed. The children stand and gaze—spellbound!

On our left is the Lachine Canal, nine miles in length, built to allow ships to pass safely up the river above Montreal. On our right is the white ribbon-like highway winding along the banks of St. Lawrence.

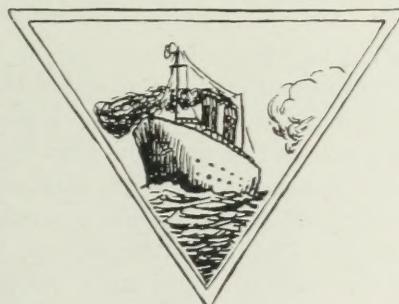
Leaving another stretch of dangerous, turbulent water behind us, we continue on down the river. We pass under the famous Victoria Bridge—Montreal has challenged the world to produce its equal—and enter the large, spacious harbour of Montreal.

The water was calm. The moon, which had risen above the horizon, cast its silvery beams on the silent, rippling surface.

St. Helen's Island, in the middle of the river, stood dark and lonely; the fort on the island, now crumbling and in ruins, stood dark and grim—like a sentinel of night.

The boat quietly glided into the harbour. The passengers disembarked and went their several ways. I paused for a moment to gaze at the twinkling lights of the city, the grim, black mountain, its bright cross ablaze with lights. It was a wonderful sight to behold! I waited a moment; then I, too, softly stole away.

COCKFIELD. Form IV.



Italian Switzerland

FEW countries in the world can offer the traveller and tourist a greater variety of beautiful scenic views and picturesque customs than Switzerland, a country which covers in area less than one-twelfth of our Province of Ontario.

Many among us have been fortunate to cross the ocean at one time or another and include it in their itinerary. And, no doubt, many have stood in silence for a minute when they laid eyes upon the Rigi, the Matterhorn or the St. Gothard thrilled by the majesty of these mountains, whose peaks are everlastingly covered with snow.

Many have wandered on quiet evenings in the "Axenstrasse" on the shores of the "Vierwaldstadersce"; in the rustic little villages in the mountains, or enjoyed the thin crisp air of the Engadin, thousands of feet above sea level. . . . Yet, I wonder, how many ever spent their holidays on "the other side" of the St. Gothard, in the beautiful sub-tropic Ticino, where Italian is the national language of the inhabitants?

Strange to think that this "canton", the fifth largest of Switzerland, and perhaps the loveliest part of the country, is not more widely known, not only abroad, but even among the Swiss themselves. One reason may be that most people take their vacation during the summer months and the climate (in Ticino) is then far too hot.

Here we find the first palms, oranges and lemons, though small in size, and a great variety of flowers which we do not find elsewhere. The people wear their typical costumes and "zoccoli"—a type of wooden shoe with leather strap—and have nothing in common with their countrymen to the north of the St. Gothard. From their excitable manners one realizes immediately that they are indeed "children of the South".

It is most interesting to watch these people in their daily routine; they are a happy and contented crowd and rather lazy in their attitude towards work. The men mostly work on the roads or as bricklayers, wearing straw hats of immense size to shade them from the burning sun; whereas their wives and daughters spend the day picking grapes in the vineyards on the mountain sides. They carry a peculiarly shaped basket on their backs which ends in a point and reaches out far over their heads. One would think their load were heavy to carry, but the bulky part of the basket is cleverly strapped to the shoulders and this seems to reduce the burden considerably.

At noon we find them resting and eating their meal under the shade of fig trees in the yard of some wayside inn, drinking with their "polenta"—national dish—a pint of the well-known Chianti. For them it takes

the place of water and they drink it out of ordinary cups; I doubt whether they could live without it.

Their houses can hardly be qualified as such as far as conveniences are concerned, and only few have glass windows. They are built against the mountains, one row behind the other and always several feet higher, the space between them seldom being more than 10 to 15 feet, a mere path.



The canton of Ticino includes the northern point of Lago Maggiore with Locarno and the North shore of nearly the whole of Lago di Lugano, originally called "Ceresio" from the Latin. On these celebrated shores the tourist spends his vacation in the early spring and fall and in its surrounding quaint little villages we discover many a piece of art and sculpture of bygone ages.

In "Parco Civico" in Lugano we find the most famous work, called "Desolazione" by V. Vela, a really beautiful piece of sculpture. Also a "Dying Socrates" by a Russian woman sculptor. The churches have magnificent mural paintings, many of them by the famous Bernardo Luini; in a little church in Ponte-Capriasca we find a masterly copy of "The Last Supper".

Every little village has a history and its own peculiar attractiveness of which, alas, too much remains unobserved by the average, usually too "hasty" traveller. The most picturesque village is, no doubt, Gandria on Lake Lugano, which seems to appeal particularly to the English

people. It lies at the foot of the Monte Brè and is only accessible by boat or via a narrow path which winds its way along the rocky shore. It is the last village on Swiss soil.

Several roads lead to this beautiful and sunny part of Switzerland, but, to my mind, the most interesting and thrilling one is the tunnel which goes through the St. Gothard. Vividly I remember my first trip coming from the North early in January. For days I had not seen the sun and when the train pulled out of the station in Basel the next morning, the sky did not promise a change for that day either. Often I had been told that a cloudy sky to the north of this huge mountain meant sunshine in Ticino and now I should find out for myself!

After leaving Göschenen, the last station before we enter the tunnel, we spent twenty minutes in complete darkness and when we finally saw daylight again a beautiful Ticinese blue sky was greeting us! Many times since have I passed through this tunnel and only once did the sun fail to put its head around the corner.

Much could I say in addition of this most beautiful and interesting Swiss canton, but lack of space does not permit the extension of my narrative. In "dolce far niente" I have been privileged to live for almost a year in the little villages on the shores of the lakes and watch the inhabitants in their customs and habits, to converse with them in their own native tongue, and I am glad to say that I have learned to appreciate much in the simplicity and kindness of these Ticinesi.

GÉ.



Beagling

IN the balmy spring weather of the first week-end after we had come back from our Christmas holidays, the Beagles of the Toronto Hunt, North York, held a session over and across our backyards. We had been notified of this event previously and the Master-of-the-Hounds very kindly invited the school to participate in the meet.

At half-past two on a beautiful Saturday afternoon the dogs were ferried up to the school and the beaglists began arriving by the score. After a sizable crowd had gathered, the dogs were let loose and the hunt began.

Now this beagling business has taken Torontonians by storm, so to speak. It is not by any means a new sport. The ancient Greeks used to have a great time galloping around after their beagles, but we wonder if they went in for the same fancy dress costumes as we do. It seems that to be able to enter into the spirit of the thing, you must wear jaunty berrés, highly coloured sweaters, loud-checked "plus fours" and still louder stockings, encased in heavy boots. Then you must run. As this is rather complicated, I'll explain. When a hare sees the dogs coming its way, it naturally "pops up" and tears "hell-for-leather" across a ploughed field. The dogs, having extremely keen sense of smell and sight, spot it and vainly give chase. Then the beaglist's turn comes. He, poor soul, is supposed to run after the dogs. The rabbit naturally always gets away, for when it comes to running, a rabbit has it over a beagle like a bowl of soup, and one of those little dogs can certainly out-distance any man.

This all sounds rather futile, I dare say, but it's a lot of fun.

On this particular day the hounds led us two concessions over in a westerly direction and there decided that they had found their happy hunting ground. We had been ambling merrily along, the beagles keeping up a continual sniffing and yowling, occasionally, singly or in pairs, darting off at right angles for no particular reason. Then all of a sudden these beagles came to the unanimous conclusion that what they had been looking for was right over there, and off they went, making a terrific din, with us loping along behind; "the longer the time, the farther behind (Shakespeare)." That particular rabbit was possessed of a sprightly sense of humour, for we ploughed around the whole circuit of that muddy thirty-acre field before the beast decided to "pop" into a hole or up a tree or wherever it is that rabbits go when they get tired. The rest of the hunt was just a repetition of similar incidents.

After about an hour of dog-chasing, three of us decided that we had had enough and turned our steps homeward. On the way we met up

with a girl headed in the same direction. She appeared to me to have all the earmarks of an ardent beaglist, and so I set in to question her on the where and whyfore of beagling. I found out many things. Firstly, a dog ceases to be plain dog when it's a beagle; it becomes a hound. Secondly, these hounds are never referred to singly, they always travel in pairs, something like the round-hill grounder, and few other of our lesser known animals. For instance, when I asked my informant how many hounds were taking part in the hunt, the answer came back, "Thirteen and a half pair." Another thing, the ardent beaglist must never say, "Listen, they are howling," or yowling or braying, whichever the case may be. You must state instead that they are "giving tongue". Tally-Ho! How jolly, the thirteen and a half pair are "giving tongue!"

Notwithstanding all this foolishness, beagling is good fun, even though I don't even yet know just what the point of it is. We eventually got home, all happy and hungry, even the hares. It was a delightful afternoon, full of amusement and healthy sport.



WHERE OUR MONEY GOES.

Old Boys in Sport at Varsity

FOR three decades past the Old Boys of St. Andrew's College have been adding to the honour and prestige of the School by their prominence in every field of sport at the University of Toronto. Not only here, but wherever they go is the same tribute paid them. Their outstanding talents in games have at the same time been equalled by the fine degree of sportsmanship which they have always displayed amongst their fellows, that now when a squad of athletes turns out to make positions on any team at Varsity, the coach looks with favour and high hopes at the man wearing a Cross of Red on White. He is singled out almost automatically amongst the wearers of uniforms from every school represented, and his competitors have come to look with respect at his efforts to gain a berth on the lineup, for he can always be depended upon to play the game.

Consequently it is with a great deal of pride that the writer points to the accomplishments in sport of the undergraduates now attending Varsity who have been transferred to that higher educational sphere from St. Andrew's College. It will be very gratifying to the readers of the REVIEW to know that over two thirds of the Old Boys at Varsity have enviable records in sport within the four corners of the campus which bears the colours—Blue and White. Although some have gained greater honours than others, every man has done his best and has consequently received a corresponding award. It is also singularly noteworthy that seldom is an Old Boy unsuccessful in making the team wherever or in whatever sport he enters.

It is well nigh impossible to single out these men of whom we are all proud, in order of merit but undoubtedly to J. D. McLennan go the first honours. His efforts, widespread interests, and popularity in sport throughout the university were last year rewarded with a seat on the Athletic Directorate of U. of T. During the past year he capably filled the offices of President of the Varsity Track Club and as Vice-President of the Medical Athletic Association. He wears a Toronto "T" as a member of the Track and Harrier teams and can always be counted on to place up front in the distance races. In this capacity he has added many a point to the U. of T. score in Canadian Intercollegiate meets.

Ned Sinclair has in the past two years made a reputation for himself as one of the cleverest boxers in his class. As a member of the B.W.&F. team he has represented Varsity in the 145 lb. bouts. Last year in international competition, which was his start, he secured a knockout at Harvard, but this year due to injuries he was unable to make the annual tour of the Eastern U.S.A. colleges. Although unsuccessful in his first

Canadian Intercollegiate bout last year at Queen's, he surprised the Montreal crowd this spring when he went three rounds against Peever of Queen's before he was knocked out by a stray blow. Peever has for many years been champion of his class and has had an easily acquired habit of romping through his bouts with first-round knockouts. Sinclair almost turned the tables on him. With more experience Ned will likely unseat the Tricolour mit king. They both have two years to fight it out. A few months ago Sinclair was entered with a Varsity four-man team in three local amateur boxing shows and on each occasion added laurels to his already bejewelled crown with three knockouts in as many bouts in as many weeks.

J. B. Shortly has played on the Varsity junior hockey team and also that of University College, but at present his athletic prowess is recorded in tennis annals. This year he was secretary of the Varsity Tennis Club and captain of the Intercollegiate Intermediate championship tennis team.

Fred Rea this year was elected captain of the Varsity golf team which won the Intercollegiate team title. This is Rea's third year on the team and last fall, besides winning his individual match, he and Corrigan won the two-ball foursome competition. He played on the Varsity junior hockey team in '31 and with the Trinity College team for the last two years.

Last fall when the U. of T. junior football team romped through all competition to the intercollegiate title and then went on to win the Dominion championship, a St. Andrew's Old Boy was numbered among the justly proud members of that team. George Burson was one of the hefty linemen. The team went through the season without a loss and ended with the Canadian junior title won from Moose Jaw on December 10th. Burson was also a member of the University College wrestling team in '32.

Fred Hume played intercollegiate junior football in '30, intermediate football in '31 and '32, and hockey for U.C. in interfaculty competition in '32.

Mark Sprott also played with the intermediate teams of '31 and '32 and was on the U.C. puckchasers line-up in '31.

Powell Smily has been on a great many University College teams, having played several years with the water polo, boxing, football, and hockey teams. In all four sports his weight and height have been used to advantage for his own team and often to the chagrin of its opponents.

Jim Loblaw was this year made a member of the U.C. Athletic Board. In his first two years he played with the Varsity intermediate basketball team and this year played with the U.C. interfaculty team. He has also played baseball and football for his college.

Harold Knapp this year carried the position of Drum-major of the University of Toronto Band with all the finesse and gusto that his duties demanded, and with his fellow musicians drew many a cheer and gave many a thrill to the crowds that packed the stadiums of McGill, Western, Queen's, and Toronto for the Intercollegiate football games. Varsity's band has for several years past outclassed in numbers and quality the musical aggregations of other Canadian universities, and this year was the greatest in its history. So it is with both pleasure and pride that we can point to the leader of its harmonized renditions and say: "There is one of our Old Boys."

When the track squads turned out last fall a St. Andrew's uniform was followed with interest and when positions were granted, L. McKay was a member of the intermediate track team justifying the expectations of his coach in the sprint competitions. During the basketball season he wore the uniform of Knox College in the interfaculty series as an outstanding player on his team.

Besides those whose names and records have been outlined above several others, with whose activities the writer is not acquainted, should be included. In interfraternity sport Old Boys are very prominent also, but space does not permit of those accounts here.

As in the past, St. Andrew's College can, and may in the future, be depended upon to send to the University of Toronto, as it does to other universities, old boys who are worthy of mention in the annals of sport as athletes of the finest calibre carrying on and playing the game for its own sake. And, as ever, it will be said that they bear out both the School Motto—"Quit ye like men be strong", and the old Latin slogan of student athletes—"Scholae studium praestantia ludorum."

JOHN T. STUBBS,
Asst. Sports Editor,
"The Varsity" of 1933.



That One Talent

THE rich notes of a violin stole softly through the interstices of the poor framework house.

Out into the dimly-lighted street they floated, causing the passerby to pause for a moment that he might catch more easily the lilting strains of the "Viennese Waltz".

Through the one ragged, sack-covered window, a wrinkled little woman was seen playing softly upon an antiquated harpsichord. The mellow notes mingled pleasingly with those of the violin, which was played by a dark little French boy.

He was dressed in a billowing white blouse, surmounted by a blue vest, dark torn trousers, and a pair of old, worn shoes completed the picturesque costume.

One old oil-light attempted to throw an air of cheerfulness into the dingy room, but failed to penetrate the little corners in which were ranged the two beds and a bureau.

Through movement, prelude and waltz they played, the little woman nodding time with her white old head, the boy patting softly on the floor with his toeless boot.

During a crescendo in March Slave a knock claimed an entrance to the little recital within.

The woman opened the door timidly, admitting a tall man clad in black from head to foot so that he resembled a Nubian prince.

"The music, the playing, why, it is astounding!" exclaimed the visitor.
"May I listen?"

"Certainly, m'sieur," replied the dear old soul, "but who are you? Very seldom do we see one dressed as you are in this neighbourhood. Pray what brings you here?"

"M'dame, I come for music, ideas, inspiration,"—he flourished in the air with a gloved hand, "and here I hope to find it."

"Play on, please," he concluded with a nod in the direction of the boy.

Once again they played. Through the heavy sombre atmosphere the light chords rippled, spirited and exhilarating as on a rolling sea, the bow was the tide controlling the swelling and falling of the music, and slowly the melodious wave receded, leaving the little room silent. Even the weary moths left their monotonous pelting against the lantern, the drunken wretches in the corner tavern smothered their curses and ceased their shouting.

From out of the shadows the visitor declared in an awed whisper: "M'sieur," he nodded to the boy, "you—are—a genius!"

Perhaps on closer inspection a faint flush would have been seen mounting to the boy's dark cheek, but with a smile and a little bow he returned the compliment.

"Merci, m'sieur; it is most kind of you to listen."

"No,—indeed; you will play at my Opera house!"

The lad cried delightedly.

"Mother! Mother! you heard what he said. I am going to play. Oh! how wonderful!"

"Then you will?" rejoined the visitor eagerly.

"Yes, dear m'sieur, play"—his voice faded,—"play as I have never played before."

* * * *

In front of the Grande Opéra all is astir. Franz Lepson had told his friends of his discovery and already a full house has been foreseen.

A little woman battles through the milling mob for a gaze at the colourful posters announcing the evening concert. Then she turns and fades into the crowd with a smile of eagerness and satisfaction.

All is quiet within save for the rustle of evening clothes as the flourishing little ushers escort the late arrivals to their seats amidst a wave of morbid glances from the disturbed spectators.

The wealthy, genteel ladies, resplendent in jewels and ermine, and polished, gushing gentlemen sit bent forward in their seats of vantage.

The black crowd which fills balcony after balcony is hushed, straining and eager.

The bright electroliers and sidelights wink slowly and melt into the darkness.

At last the curtain rises.

Standing by a large shining piano is a little boy, brave and small. Yet he had nothing to fear; he did not see the people, the bright foot-lights, the stage nor the great hall. He saw nothing, and remained calm, for he was blind, an affliction from birth.

Full under a heavy glaring light he stood; the contrast of his dark, curly hair and new starched blouse was striking with Herr Pandolf's silver hair and dark suit of velvet.

'Keep composed, my son,' Pandolf had said, "there is nothing to fear."

The boy smiled, lifted the violin to his shoulder, set his bow and the recital had begun.

The notes fell with doubled and redoubled intensity and now they rose in triumphant acclamation and slowly settled into mere murmurings which soared aloft and warbled along the roof and seemed to play about the lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven.

The very soul seemed rapt away and floated upwards on the swelling tide of harmony.

Above, unnoticed, the great electrolier is swinging with the musical vibrations. It seems to sag a little.

There is a crack like a whip, a crash, and the hall is left in screaming blackness.

The lights flicker on again, revealing the panic-stricken crowd frozen to the floor with the disastrous and awful spectacle that confronts them.

Somewhere in the crowd a woman faints with a stifled scream.

On the fateful stage is a pile of twisted brasswork and broken glass. As the cloud of dust lifts, a little white arm clutching a violin is seen protruding from the debris.

But it is still.

With an audible intake of breath the spectators gasped with emotion. And then they leaped into action.

The stage was alive with the swarming mobs of helpers. Tediously and painfully they cleared it all away.

There was no doubt about it now. The boy was dead.

By a miracle Herr Pandolf's life was spared; a large piece of ironwork, however, had fallen across the piano and momentarily stunned him.

Later at an inquest it was learned that the base of the great light was sadly eaten with rust from the dampness, and when set in motion by the musical vibrations, which attuned themselves with those in the light, caused it to increase the swing each time until it crashed down on one of the greatest violinists France had ever produced.

Of course thousands subscribed generously to a collection for the poor mother, heartbroken and sick with grief, but never could they bring back her little blind son.

"And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless."

A. S. THOMPSON, Form IV.

The English Lakes

ONE evening in the middle of August we crossed the border into England. We had been staying in the district of the Scottish lakes and were now on our way to the English counterpart. There was a promise of a full moon and it was in its full splendour when we passed through the sleepy town of Windermere.

The trees and hedges took on several fantastic shapes. The lake shimmered in the cold white light. A startled rabbit scurried across the road. All was silent except for the low hum of the engine. Suddenly a blood-freezing cry rent the air. What is it?

It is only the call of a hoot-owl. Is it a wonder that the peasants believe in banshees, little men ghosts, and things supernatural? A tiny pin-point of light flashes by the car. It is only a fire-fly.

The dark, gloomy towers of our destination frown down on us. This hotel had once been a country seat of some member of the British aristocracy. But how different is everything inside! "Cheery Welcome" would be a fitting motto of this tavern. We entered into a large oak-panelled hall. There was that atmosphere, "Make yourself at home", which you so rarely find in hotels.

When I awoke the sun was already on its upward climb. On looking out of my ivy-covered window I beheld one of the most beautiful scenes that I have ever had the luck to see.

Windermere lake, sparkling and glistening in the early sun, seemed to bid me a cheery "Good morning". The blue hills beyond comprised a fitting background. A gentle wind sighed softly through the pines and made the brilliant flowers nod gently. Birds caroled a hymn to their Maker. A farm cart jogged slowby by, the sleepy rustic lazily flapping the reins on the broad back of the plodding horse. Doubtless through the ages this once grim but now ivy-covered mansion had witnessed a similar scene. Is it a wonder that Wordsworth lived in and loved the English lakes?

Later in the day we set out on a trip of exploration. Gone were the broad main highways. The rustic country lanes were to be the scenes of our rambles,—through little villages, across tinkling brook and over a tempestuous mountain torrent; one time in shaded valley, another on the top of some high hill we wandered. But the same feeling of peaceful serenity pervaded over all.

Late in the afternoon we came upon a little white cottage snuggled under a steep hill. A stream murmured gently as it passed on its way.

Just a thatched cottage, but many famous men have visited. Amongst the lakes he loved so well lived this great poet, Wordsworth. Here he

wrote his greatest poems. This was the little cottage he came to after his marriage and wrote that short but beautiful poem, "Composed After a Journey".

A neat little garden in the rear of the cottage looks down on the nests of doves, and it was here the poet sat and wrote his famous works.

But now let us leave this peaceful dale and go on our way. As we reached the top of a steep hill the full beauty of some of the smaller lakes spread before us in one vast and colourful panorama. Is it a wonder that this is an artist's paradise? But no brush would be capable of painting this scene, the road dropping before us and winding into a small village. The church clock struck five, rousing us out of our reverie.

We passed several small lakes and at last found ourselves on the shores of the famous beauty spot, Lake Grassmere. How different from our Canadian lakes! No solemn, austere grandeur to impress one, but a small and charming body of placid water. On the shores of this lake we came upon a big rose garden. The grass was hidden by a vast colourful carpet of flowers. Delightful cool arbours were placed indiscriminately about. The air was heavy with the sweet perfume of nature's most beautiful flower. As a climax to this, framed in two magnificent oaks, could be seen the lake. Floating on the air could be heard the voices of some pleasure-seeking tourists. And yet this scene has not changed much in generations. It might have been more wild, but is ever beautiful.

As the red ball of fire dipped below the horizon, transforming the clouds into a painter's canvas, whose brush had run at will and twilight deepened, we stole softly home, and standing in the slumbering garden, the words of that poet whose house we had visited came to me:

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning night.

Thus did the water's gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton when in wolfskin vest
Here roving wild he laid him down to rest—

By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold.

F. F. McEACHREN, Form IV.

SCHOOL NEWS



The Upper Sixth

MOFFAT (SCOTTY)—In the second and last year of his sentence, this lad has done mightily. Being Captain of the First Rugby team, a star of the hockey team, baseball, boxing and wrestling are some of his accomplishments. However, his uncanny ability in getting week-end leave eclipses by far his other talents. A broken bone or a wisdom tooth, it is all the same to him. His secret ambition is seven firsts in matric, and next year he intends to favour Varsity with his presence in Commerce and Finance.

DOYLE (TWIRT)—Coming each day from Newmarket, Doyle is our only remaining day boy from that metropolis. He has stuck to S.A.C. for five years. He plays rugby and is a good man on Mr. Griffiths' "chain gang". We envy the ease and grace with which he extricates himself from cadet drill in the mornings. A hockey player of no mean skill, he is also one of the shining lights of the Upper Sixth, although his taking only part of he's matric. this year and intends to return in the autumn to complete his course.

PIPE (GORD)—Although he came to us with U.C.C. blood in his veins, in three years he has developed into a stout Andrean. This year he won his second team rugby colours and also the Fencing championship of the school. Ski-ing, golf and motor-bicycle riding are numbered among his activities. His ambition is to get his "knock" in a cricket game. Gord is one of our drum band in the corps, and Memorial House representative of the Literary Society. He finds unholly delight in asking Messrs. Fleming and Goodman unanswerable questions, and in arousing Mr. Ketchum's wrath. Next year he is entering Political Science and Economics (no less) at Varsity. Best of luck.

HAMILTON (BEAVER)—"Hammy" changes his address so often that it is difficult to say for sure where he now hangs his hat, but we believe

it is Barrie. This is his fifth year here and second year as a prefect. He plays rugby, is hockey team manager, and keeps wickets for the First Cricket Eleven. He is lieutenant of the Cadet Corps band, and a cross-country and half-mile runner of considerable ability. Occasionally, very occasionally, he pushes a golf ball around in par. He is leaving this year to learn how to swindle the public in Commerce and Finance at Varsity.

HUGHES (HUGO)—Besides holding a prefectship for the second year, Jack is one of our halfbacks on the First Rugby team and a right winger for the First Hockey team. He ably manages the First Cricket Eleven and fulfils the thankless duties of Quartermaster Sergeant of the Cadet Corps. Besides these numerous accomplishments, he handles the chapel organ like a veteran. He occasionally attends classes, to the dismay of the masters. Next fall will find him enrolled in medicine at Varsity and S.A.C. will lose one of its staunchest supporters.

GRAHAM (BUNNY)—Since he has spent six years at St. Andrew's, the aptness of the nick-name has passed away, there being now no appreciable resemblance. He has stepped from the rank of librarian to that of prefect recently, and the promotion is certainly justified. Besides being an excellent line-man and tackler on the First Rugby team and a member of the Hockey team, he belongs to the intelligentsia of the Upper Sixth. Apart from his habit of displaying infantile propensities in Physics class, he might be declared sane. He intends to enter Medicine at Varsity next fall, where his bloodthirsty nature will have ample scope. We wish him luck.

RODEN (UNCLE TOM)—In spite of his many nick-names, complimentary or uncomplimentary, Tom is one of the best. Playing every sport and using his weight to advantage on the Rugby field, he also shines in academics. His hobby is devising new and better proofs in Mathematics and Physics. So far Pirie has been the only one found to arouse his ire. Roden intends to enter Commerce and Finance at Toronto next year. We wish him luck.

PIRIE (ZILCH)—A newcomer to our ranks this year, the lad from Ingersoll would be happy if it were not for "Cicero pro lege Manilia" hanging over his head. Another of his secret sorrows is the fact that he is given his right name only by Miss Stirling and the masters. His courage is unquestioned, proven both by his manner of arousing Roden in class, and by his persistence in trying front flips in the tank. His secret ambition is to be an undertaker, since he feels that his fortune would be assured by merely following Graham, Shapley and Hughes

among their patients, when they graduate in Medicine. However, Commerce and Finance will claim him next year.

GLADMAN (ART)—Our Sergeant-Drummer, the boy who keeps us in step. Art came to us this year from Fulton, N.Y. He got his First Football colours for playing an excellent game as outside. He is also a first-class swimmer and has just received his teacher's certificate. Art is another who spent every Sunday night reading plays in Mr. Ketchum's room, the headquarters of the Penguin Club, during the winter term. His favourite tunes are "Margy" and "Whispering", and



UPPER SIXTH FORM

Standing, left to right: G. F. PIRIE, J. M. SHAPLEY, A. E. GLADMAN, G. F. PIPE,
H. M. THOMSON, J. F. HUGHES, T. R. RODEN, W. A. McIVER.
Sitting, left to right: T. G. ARMSTRONG, P. B. PARKER, MR. P. J. ROBINSON, REV. D. BRUCE
MACDONALD, J. H. HAMILTON, A. F. GRAHAM, E. S. MACDONALD.

pet hobby is playing a set of traps. Next year Art will be in Medicine at Varsity. Best of luck!

MACDONALD (STEWIE)—"He hath the strength of ten because his heart is pure." Rumour has it that in his younger days Stewie used a high bar for a teething ring. Notwithstanding that he is the brightest lad in the Upper Sixth, he is also Junior Gymnastic Champ. of Ontario, and ranked second in the Junior Gymnastic Championship Competition for the Dominion. Stewie captains our Gym. team, is Secretary of the Literary Society, School news reporter on the REVIEW staff, and the

Memorial House Librarian. His favourite expression is "Let joy be unconfined!" and his pet hobby is making wise-cracks at the table. Stewie is going in for Medicine at Varsity next year. Happy Days!

THOMPSON (HUGHIE)—Hughie is winding up his umpteenth year at St. Andrew's with a big bang. He is First Vice-President of the Literary Society, Skits Editor on the REVIEW staff, Reference Librarian in Flavelle House, President of the Fish Club (extinct), President of the A.W.E. Club (bankrupt), and also one of the merry throng known as the Penguin Club. In the Cadet Corps, Hughie is our Sergeant-Major. Notwithstanding his literary ability he is also an athlete of no mean repute and one of our fastest exponents of the 100 yards dash. Next year Hughie will be taking Law at Varsity.

PARKER ("PETE")—Although of English birth "Pete" is now a full-fledged American citizen, and is a happy combination of the two. He takes his school work seriously and it was a constant struggle between him and Macdonald I as to who would stand first in the form. When not "construing" Greek with Mr. Robinson, he found time to win his weight in wrestling. On the first rugby team he played the important position of quarterback. He handled the Exchange Department of the REVIEW and was Second Vice-President of the Literary Society. "Pete's" sense of humour was always refreshing during the tedious hours of school, and his letters in the morning were thoroughly enjoyed by the whole form. He intends to pursue his studies at Varsity in the Faculty of Law.

SHAPLEY ("JIM")—After being head librarian for a term and a half, "Jim" was deservedly given the prefectship. Having no inclination for football, he did his share by admirably managing the first team. He held office in the Athletic Association and on the REVIEW staff. In the cadet corps he was second lieutenant, and his platoon was awarded the competitive cup after the Inspection. Next autumn he intends to enter the Faculty of Medicine at Varsity. We wish him the best of luck in all his undertakings.

McIVER ("JOE")—"Joe" is one of the veterans of the Upper Sixth, this being his second year in the form. He is an athlete of no mean ability. Despite the fact that he had never seen football before he came down from the north, he was the star halfback on the illustrious "Bearcat" team. In the winter he earned an enviable place on the first hockey team. As yet, "Joe" is rather undecided as to whether he will grace the University of Toronto or Manitoba with his presence next year. However, we sincerely hope that he will join his former classmates at Varsity.

The Head Prefect

THIS year the position of head prefect of the school is held by George Armstrong, hailing from North Bay, Ontario. He is second of the three Armstrongs to pass through St. Andrew's. This is his second year as a prefect and seventh at the school. As well as being captain of the cricket eleven, George played on the first rugby, hockey and basketball teams, and is captain of the cadet corps. He is a member of the REVIEW staff and the Athletic Association; also a member of the aristocratic Penguins. He is a crack rifle shot and a golfer of some repute. Armstrong has always done his best and we will be sorry to let him go to R.M.C. next fall.



"ARMIE"



OFFICERS OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE CADET CORP
Left to right: J. D. PERRIN, T. G. ARMSTRONG, GENERAL ASHTON, COL. McCORMICK,
J. H. HAMILTON, J. M. SHAPLEY.

The Cadet Corps

UNDER the able instruction of Capt. C. A. B. Young, the cadet corps deserves high praise for its work throughout the year. The parades this term were held in the mornings, which made it much easier to get good drill with very pleasing results. The corps, as well as the band, was smaller in numbers, but more than made up for this in smartness on parade.

Our first parade was on the afternoon of Sunday, May 7th, with the 48th Highlanders to St. Andrew's Church. It was a new experience for a number of the smaller men in the corps and at first they were unable to keep the rather slow pace, but despite the long and tiring route march, they steadily improved.

It was necessary to cancel another parade owing to the short term being so crowded with the many school events. This did not dampen the ardour of the cadets, however, and they worked hard to prepare for inspection.

May 31st was the day set by General Ashton and Colonel McCrimmon, District Cadet Inspector. After a very detailed inspection of the uniforms by the officers, the corps was formed up ready for the inspecting officer. The ceremonial was very well done and then the platoon commanders carried on with platoon drill. The Ellsworth



INSPECTORS ALL

Cup for the best all around platoon was won by No. 2, under Lieutenant J. M. Shapley. General Ashton spoke very highly of the corps as a whole, and commended them especially for their steadiness on parade and the smartness of their arms drill.

We are very grateful to Mr. Armstrong for his able assistance which proved to be of especial value during the final practices.

The following were the officers and N.C.O.'s.

Captain—T. G. Armstrong.

First Lieutenant—J. D. Perrin.

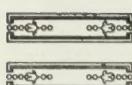
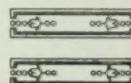
2nd Lieutenant—J. M. Shapley.

Sergeants—F. H. Moffatt, F. G. Cox.

Band Lieutenant—J. H. Hamilton.



LEAVING THE ARMOURIES



ON PARADE

Rifle Shooting

INTEREST in rifle-shooting this year has increased a great deal, and many of the boys show promise of becoming first-class rifle shots. The first team, composed of Armstrong, Cox, Donovan, Rea, Hamilton and Moorehead, took sixth place in the Junior Provincial championship competition.

Shooting requires a keen eye, steady nerves, concentration, and a very fine coordination, so that any boy who has become a first-class shot, reflects credit on himself and on his school.

Many of the younger boys are enthusiastic riflemen and are doing remarkably good shooting. With their help we hope next year to have at least two good teams, and intend to put up a real effort towards winning the provincial championship.



Left to right, back row: J. H. HAMILTON, J. S. MOOREHEAD, F. C. COX.
Front row: P. C. REA, T. G. ARMSTRONG, MR. DOWDEN (Coach),
J. H. DONOVAN.

The Dance

ON Friday evening, March 3, the Cadet Corps held its annual dance at the School. The fine weather, good crowd and attractive decorations all contributed to make it perhaps the most enjoyable dance within our memory.

Following last year's precedent we were permitted to leave the School during the afternoon and escort the young ladies from the city to the College in the evening, which again proved a most satisfactory arrangement.

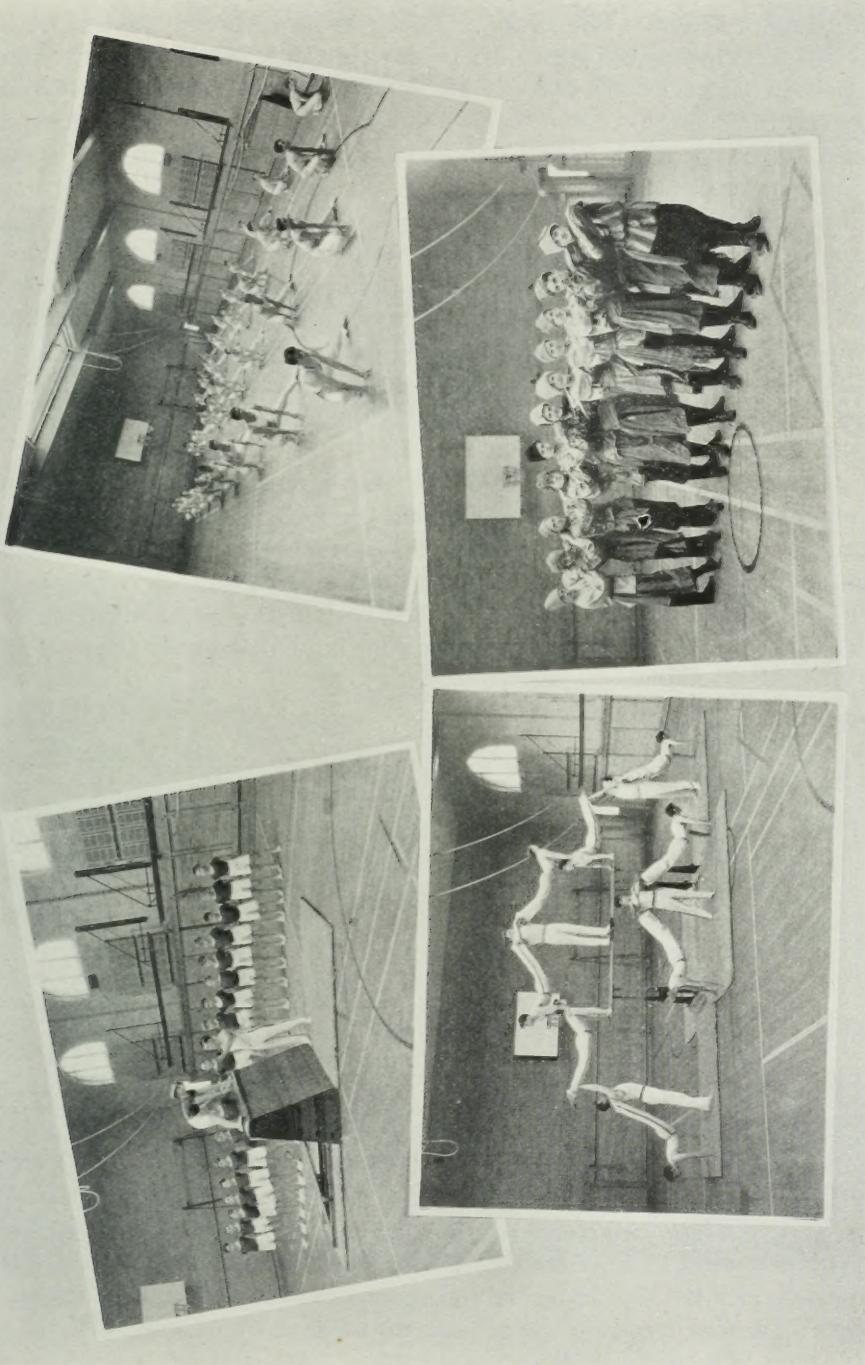
The dancers commenced to arrive about eight-thirty and soon the passage ways were filled with scarlet-coated cadets and their partners. Mrs. Macdonald, ably assisted by the officers, received the guests, among whom numbered many old boys and friends.

The affair soon got under way and the revellers were quick to catch the spirit of gaiety which pervaded all, so that it seemed almost no time before an intermission was called for supper. Next came the lucky number dance which was won by Capt. W. G. M. Robinson from Upper Canada and Miss Mary Tearney, after some stiff competition with one of our recruits. Johnny Copp and his fine orchestra continued their rhythmic syncopation until half-past twelve, at which time the National Anthem, followed by a St. Andrew's "Hoot", indicated that the dance to which we had all looked forward so much was over for another year.

The Gymnastic Display

ONE of the major events of the Winter Term was the Annual Gymnastic Display, which was held at Hart House in Toronto on Friday, March 17. The last traces of awkwardness or strangeness were ironed out at a dress rehearsal on the previous Wednesday, and the show went off without a hitch. The exhibition began at eight-fifteen and it was not long before the big gymnasium was entirely filled with our guests. In fact so well was this performance received that we went through it again by request at the fine new Forest Hill School, a week later.

The first number on the programme was of group games by the Lower School and Fourth and Fifth Forms. These are always popular and the players did not lack enthusiastic supporters among the audience. Next came mat and dumb-bell exercises by the Lower School, followed by side horse and mat work by the Gym. Team, which was carried off with



uncanny precision. The Team certainly deserves special mention for its polished performance in this and in its other activities, but that subject has been dealt with elsewhere. The next class was the Lower School on the vaulting box, then the Gym. Team on the high bar, and free hand exercises by the Sixth Form. These last are worthy of particular notice as they were made possible only by voluntary practices by the boys during the term. It is believed that those participating have been amply repaid by the benefits which they have received. Pyramids and tiger-leaping, which were two of the more ostentatious events, came next, followed by the various Assault relays, which consisted of boxing, wrestling, fencing and work with single sticks. After several minutes of these diverse activities the Gym. Team again favoured us, this time on the parallels, after which the Fourth and Fifth Forms went through some wand exercises.

Canon Cody then gave a short but interesting address on the merits of physical education. The last number on the programme was a rather unusual Russian gymnastic dance, performed in costume, which was enthusiastically encored. The proceedings were fittingly concluded by the singing of the National Anthem, whereupon the guests departed, having spent what we hope they consider an evening well worth while.

P. B. P.

Ontario Interscholastic Gym Team Meet

On Thursday, April 20th, St. Andrew's gym. team competed for the third time in the annual contest, held at Hart House, University of Toronto, in the hope of regaining the championship won in 1931 and lost last year to Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

Teams consisted of five members, each of whom performed one voluntary combination of exercises on the horizontal bar, side horse, parallel bars and in tumbling. Only eight teams were entered this year.

Sarnia retained the title, while S.A.C. won second place as in 1932. Third was Ottawa Glebe Collegiate.

However, out of the four silver medals given for each piece of apparatus, three went to St. Andrew's, Donnelly winning the horizontal bar, Macdonald I the side horse, and Cameron the parallel bars. Chapman and Allen, who made up the necessary five men, were consistently good all round, although not receiving medals. Allen, the latest addition to the team, showed marked improvement.

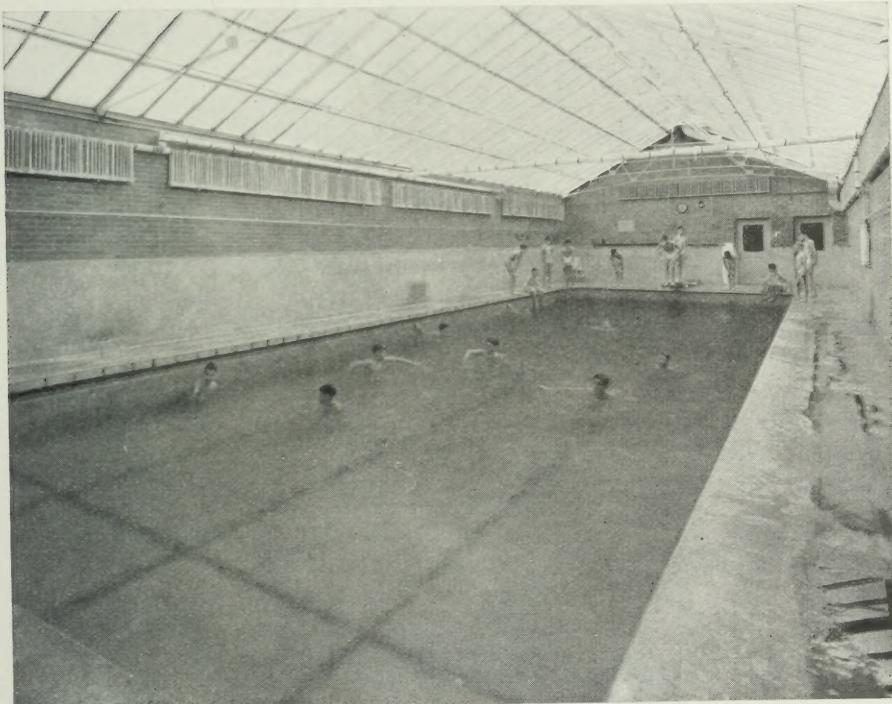
As a team, S.A.C. finished sixth in the tumbling, an event not popular with those preferring apparatus. On the horse the school was placed second, on the high bar also second, and on the parallel bars first.

It is to be hoped that next year an S.A.C. team will bring back the cup to its original holders.

Life Saving

Considerable interest was shown in Life Saving, which is one of the most important branches of the Swimming Programme.

The work of the instructors, Armstrong I, Gladman, Rowell and Metcalfe, was of an exceptionally high standard.



THE POOL

The following awards were granted during the year:

Elementary Certificates.

Moorehead	Roden
Cox I	Moffatt
Morton	Gladman
Sweezey	
McEachren	
Mackenzie	
Allen	
Pirie	
Kilgour	
Cox III	
Cameron	
Hood	
Allespach I	
Robertson	
Roden	
Moffatt	
Gladman	

Intermediate Proficiency Certificates.

Moorehead	Roden
Cox I	Moffat
Morton	Gladman
Sweezey	Metcalfe
McEachren	Armstrong I
Mackenzie	Rowell
Allen	
Pirie	
Kilgour	
Cox III	
Cameron	
Hood	
Allespach I	
Robertson	

Awards of Merit.

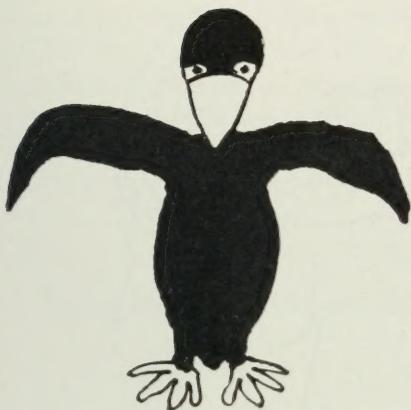
Allen
Gladman

Hon. Inst. Certificate.

Rowell
Armstrong I
Gladman
Metcalfe



The Penguin Club



THE Penguin Club was first formed in February of this year. Its members decided that its activities should be continued not later than the end of the Winter Term, and so it can hardly be said that more than a beginning was made. But it was a good beginning, and there is every hope that, with rugby ended next autumn, the Penguins will again flap their wings and with renewed enthusiasm inaugurate a season more lengthy and more worthy than the first.

The Club came into being through a certain unanimity on the part of several sprightly souls of the Upper School who agreed that they would like to meet once a fortnight to enjoy some form of literary diversion, more or less serious. And we use the word "enjoy" advisedly, for the Penguins, mildly intellectual though they may be, do not intend to take themselves too seriously nor to confine their lively interests to conventional "good literature". Whatever is worth-while and entertaining is fish-food to the Penguin. Although the Club's activities are eventually to be extensive, it was decided that the best beginning was to be made in the reading of plays. At three Sunday evening meetings, various members read the various parts of four plays: W. W. Jacob's *The Monkey's Paw*, G. B. Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, A. A. Milne's *Wurzel-Flummery* and Mr. Pim Passes By.

When the Club was formed, many applied for admission. But it was strongly felt that numbers should be restricted, and accordingly membership was confined to the Upper Sixth, Lower Sixth and Fifth Forms and distributed among them in the proportion of seven to five to three. For want of a better criterion, applicants were admitted according to their standing at the Christmas examinations, but it is hoped that this condition of membership will only help to encourage potential Penguins to whose support the Club must look if it is to have a permanent and useful place in the life of the School.

K. G. B. K.



Assault-at-Arms

The annual Assault-at-Arms was held this year on Saturday afternoon, March 25th. Fine weather encouraged a large gathering of parents, old boys, and friends to attend the finals of the boxing, wrestling, and fencing.

This year, the Assault was one of the very best in years. The boxing bouts especially aroused the enthusiasm and applause of the spectators.

Fee won the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the School from Graham, in a gruelling match.

The Heavyweight Wrestling was secured by Cox I from Gladman, and Pipe annexed the Senior Fencing championship, outpointing Straith I.

Among the many good bouts were the 158 lb. wrestling in which Parker defeated Cox I, and the 135 lb. boxing, which Donovan won from Moorehead.

The following are the results of the finals in detail:

WRESTLING

- 95 lb.—MacKerrow II defeated Thompson III with 1 fall in 5 min.,
24 sec.
- 105 lb.—McIntosh defeated Finlay with 1 fall in 3 min., 48 sec.
- 125 lb.—Russell defeated MacAskill with 1 fall in 6 min., 20 sec.
- 135 lb.—Moorehead defeated Pipe, with 1 fall in 2 min., 33 sec.
- 145 lb.—Moffatt defeated Chapman.
- 158 lb.—Parker defeated Cox I, with 1 fall in 6 min., 42 sec.
- Heavyweight—Cox I defeated Gladman with 1 fall in 4 min., 12 sec.

FENCING

Senior Fencing—Pipe won from Straith I.

BOXING

- 65 lb.—Allespach II defeated Martin.
- 85 lb.—Jarvis II defeated Carr.
- 105 lb.—Armstrong II defeated Christie.
- 115 lb.—Cockfield defeated Armstrong II.
- 125 lb.—Russell defeated MacAskill.
- Special Bout—Allespach I defeated Sisman.
- 135 lb.—Donovan defeated Moorehead.
- 145 lb.—Chapman defeated MacKerrow I.
- Heavyweight—Fee defeated Graham.

E. S. M.

The Barrie Athletic Meet

THIS year it was decided to enter a track and field team in the Ontario Athletic Commission's Athletic Meet in Barrie, as last year we met with no mean success. The results on the whole were not as good as last time, but there were more schools entered and much closer competition.

In the senior section St. Andrew's took second place in the shot-put, third place in the half-mile run, and fourth in both the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes.

The Intermediates did a little better by taking second place in the 440-yard run, the 120-yard low hurdles, and finishing third in the 100 and 220 yard sprints.

The juniors, led by Adamson, won second positions in the pole vault, running broad jump and relay, with a third in the high jump.



TRACK TEAM

Standing, left to right: A. F. CLEMENT, H. M. COX, J. B. MCCOLL, G. J. CHRISTIE,
E. G. ADAMSON, A. R. ARMSTRONG, D. M. HOOD, J. M. GRIPTON.
Sitting, left to right: F. G. COX, W. H. ADAMS, H. M. THOMSON, F. N. A. ROWELL,
J. H. HAMILTON, J. B. ALLEN, R. L. RUSSELL.
Sitting on grass: W. A. MACKERROW, P. M. HOLTON.

The following composed the team: Thomson I, Allen, Hamilton, Cox I and Clement; Intermediates: Adams I, Rowell, McColl, Hood, Russell, Cox III; Juniors: Adamson, Armstrong III, MacKerrow II, Holton, Straith II.



Barrie Blues

The Richmond Hill Sports Meet

THE Richmond Hill Agricultural Society held a fair on Wednesday, May 24, and three of the boys from St. Andrew's participated in the track events. The first event was a three-mile run in which Cox I took second place, winning a handsome silver cup. In the hundred yard dash under 18, Adams I came third and received a bronze medal. The 880-yard run was won by Rowell, who was presented with a gold medal for his fine display of speed and stamina. The affair was highly successful and the competition keen.

St. Andrew's totalled six points and ranked first among the clubs present.



CHAMPIONS

Sitting, left to right: W. H. ADAMS, G. F. PIPE.
Standing, left to right: E. S. FEE, F. G. COX.



Chapel Notes

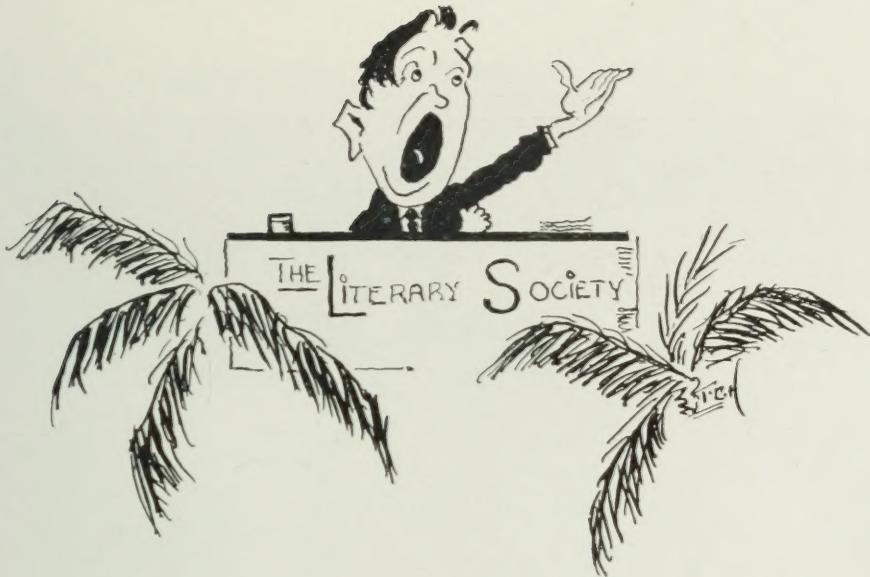
We were glad to have Gerald Burch back with us for the evening service of Sunday, April 8. He gave us an extremely interesting and graphic account of his work with the Fellowship of the West.

On Sunday evening, April 22, we welcomed Mr. A. B. Sly, L.A.R.M., Instructor of Music at Trinity College School. Following the service, we adjourned to the Assembly Hall, where Mr. Sly gave a piano recital. His expressive interpretation of semi-classical selections proved a source of enjoyment to us all.

As we go to press, word has been received that Dr. Stuart Parker of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, and Dr. W. H. Sedgewick of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, will address us on Sunday the fourth and eleventh of June, respectively.

We are greatly indebted to these eminent ministers for taking the time from their congregations in order to speak to us, and the REVIEW joins the School in tendering its appreciation of their interest.

Our friends are always welcome at the Sunday evening services. They are held at seven o'clock every Sunday in the regular school year.



THIS year six meetings in all were held throughout the winter, and with Mr. Laidlaw in charge the standard of previous years was more than maintained. However, Thomson's skits were missed greatly. The last meeting, the Lower School performance, was a pleasant surprise to the rest of the school. It was felt that they should have had more than one evening.

At various times addresses were given by gentlemen from Toronto. Mr. Robinson also sketched for us some interesting local history on which he is an authority. This has been dealt with elsewhere in this number.



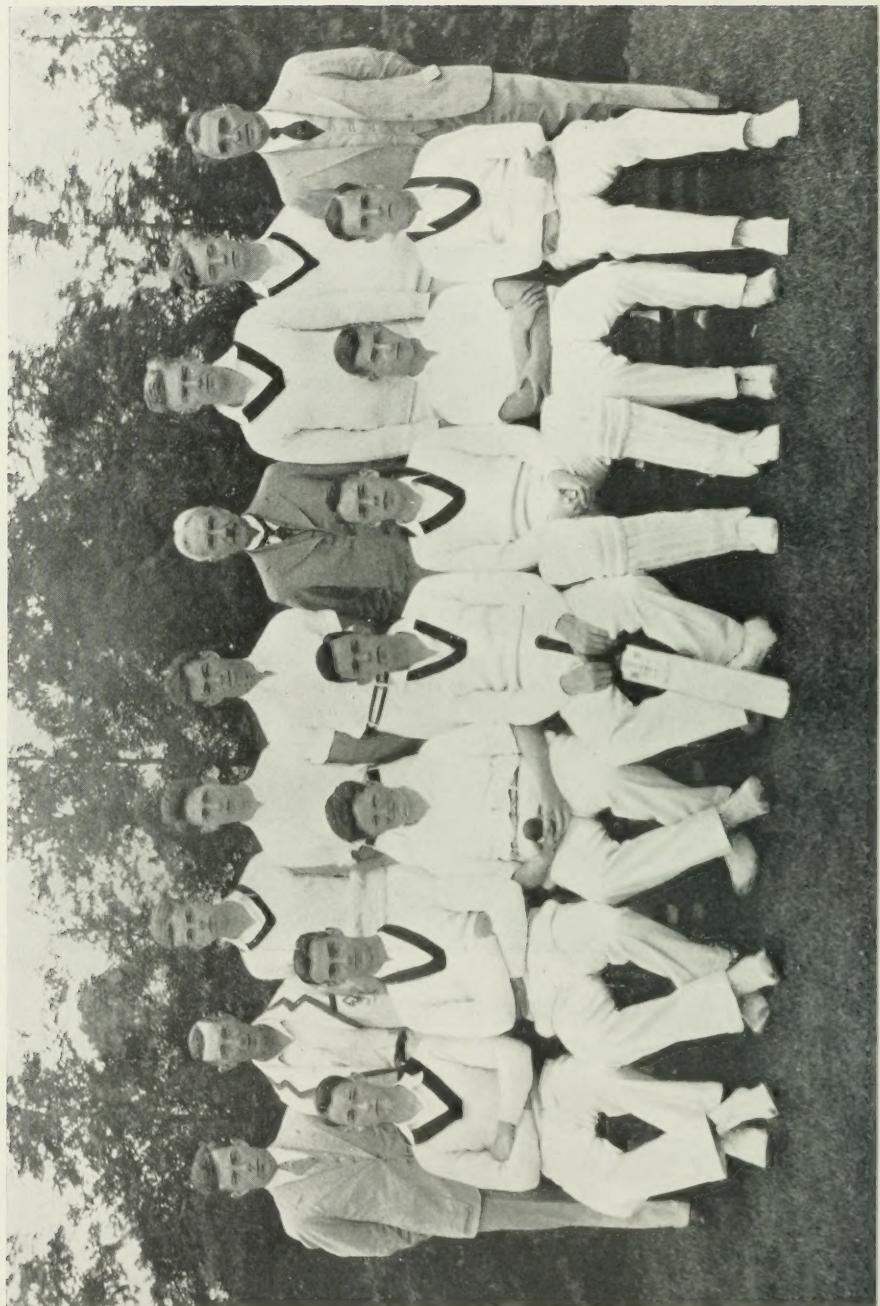
LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing, left to right: W. G. FINLAY, I. B. MACDONALD, F. G. COX, G. F. PIPE, A. S. THOMPSON,
T. E. HETHRINGTON.
Sitting, left to right: R. W. HARE, A. F. CLEMENT, H. M. THOMSON, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD,
E. S. MACDONALD, P. B. PARKER.



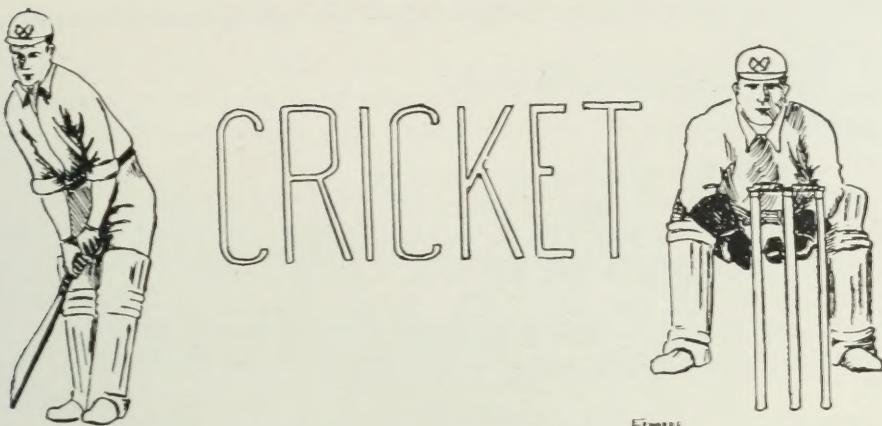
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Standing, left to right: W. A. MACKERROW, J. M. SHAPLEY, J. F. HUGHES, W. A. McIVER,
T. H. G. DONNELLY, W. G. FINLAY.
Sitting, left to right: D. A. CAMERON, MR. E. M. FLEMING, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD,
T. G. ARMSTRONG, F. G. COX.



FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN

Standing, left to right: J. F. HUGHES, H. DAVIS, J. L. GREEN, R. E. MACKERROW, T. H. G. DONNELLY, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, E. S. FEE, T. L. STRAITH, MR. H. E. GOODMAN,
Sitting, left to right: J. H. DONOVAN, T. D. PERRIN, W. T. PENTLAND, T. G. ARMSTRONG,
J. H. HAMILTON, P. C. REA, R. W. HARE.



ST. ANDREW'S vs. ROSEDALE C.C.

Our annual match with the Rosedale club took place on the twenty-fourth of May. It was supposed to be an all-day game, but a heavy rain all morning delayed the start until half-past one. Incidentally the wet wicket turned decidedly treacherous after about two hours.

Rosedale won the toss, and naturally elected to bat first. W. C. Greene and Gordon Percival were the opening batsmen and proved an excellent partnership, the former being out for 25, and the latter for 20. Lloyd Percival made a very good innings with 24. The remainder of the side was quickly retired for a total of 108.

St. Andrew's then going in, went down like nine pins before the sensational bowling of R. G. MacLean and Murray. Our batters seemed quite bewildered by the wide variety of balls, while the crease was pretty well battered up, with the consequence that we were all for a very small score.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. TORONTO C.C.

The first game of the current season was with the Toronto Cricket Club, and took place at Armour Heights. The weather was perfect and the wicket very good, the whole resulting in an excellent game. The Cricket Club batted first and amassed one hundred and two runs for the loss of five wickets, at which point they declared. Our bowlers seemed to have a little difficulty in using a mat, and as a result did not do as well as expected.

St. Andrews's then went in, and almost made the required number, being all out for eighty-seven. Rea with twenty-eight and Fee with fourteen were top scorers for S.A.C. Levey, Rea and Dewar led the

Toronto forces with twenty-eight, twenty-six (not out), and twenty-two respectively.

The following were the scores:

T.C.C.

S. H. Levey, c. Cox, b. Armstrong.....	28
E. Carlton, c. Rea, b. Cox.....	2
D. M. Dewar, c. Cox, b. Donnelly.....	22
H. A. Dodge, c. and b. Straith.....	7
F. T. Rea, not out.....	26
M. Morton, c. Rea, b. Pentland.....	3
G. Firstbrook, not out.....	6
Extras.....	8
Total (for 5 wickets).....	102

S.A.C.

Green, b. Levey.....	0
P. C. Rea, std. Carlton.....	28
Perrin, c. and b. Levey.....	6
Fee, b. Rea.....	14
Armstrong, b. Rea.....	8
Donnelly, c. and b. Rea.....	4
Cox, c. Dewar, b. Levey.....	3
Hamilton, b. Levey.....	7
Straith, l.b.w., Levey.....	3
Hare, std. Carleton.....	1
Donovan, not out.....	0
Extras.....	13
Total.....	87

S.A.C. vs. KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY

On Saturday, May 27th, Kappa Alpha Fraternity paid us a visit, and gave us an interesting, if not wholly successful game. Our visitors batted first, but were only able to run up 41 runs against the good bowling of Pentland and Donnelly, the former taking 8 wickets for 19 runs. Their only player to reach double figures was Walsh, who batted well for 18 runs, not out. S.A.C. went in, but when stumps were drawn, had only 41 runs for 6 wickets, the result being a draw. Armstrong was our high scorer with an excellent 18, and Green had 9, not out. Rea was their best bowler with four wickets for 18 runs.

PERSONNEL OF THE CRICKET ELEVEN

HARRY DAVIS—Coach. Harry has worked tirelessly to produce a winning team this year, as he always does. It is to be hoped that the first eleven will come through with flying colours in the coming "Little Big Four" series.

MR. GOODMAN—We all welcome Mr. Goodman back to his former position as master-in-charge of cricket. He handles the secretarial duties of the team extremely well and always has a cheery word to say during a tense moment.

ARMSTRONG (GEORGE)—Our captain this year. George is the steadiest bowler on the team and can always be depended upon for his share of the runs.

COX (WILLIE)—Hard luck dogged Willie's footsteps this season as an operation for appendicitis cut short a promising year. An exceptionally good bowler and reliable batsman.

DONNELLY (Grant)—This was Don's third year with the team. An excellent fielder and a medium bowler, although a little unlucky in his batting.

REA (PETE)—No cricket team at St. Andrew's would be complete without a Rea. Probably our best batsman, and always on the job while in the field.

PERRIN (HARVEY)—Another good batter. Jack holds down the position of point admirably. We hope to have him with us next year.

GREEN (LESTER)—Les. takes a lusty swing at a straight ball now and then, but is very useful as an opening batsman. It is rumoured that some day he will be a good southpaw bowler.



AT THE NETS

HAMILTON (HAMIE)—This is Hamie's second year with the first squad and unfortunately his last. He guards the stumps for us, and though a weak batter at first, he shows much promise for the coming games.

HARE (DAD)—One of Harry Davis' finds, Hare is a wonder in the field and seldom misses a catch. He can always be counted on to revive flagging spirits during a dull game with some of his antics.

STRAITH (JIMMIE)—A useful change bowler and fair batter. Jimmie should have a few more years on the team, and will undoubtedly be a standout.

FEE (ED)—"Big Ed" displays great powers as a slugger and is improving steadily. Could be a bit speedier in the field.

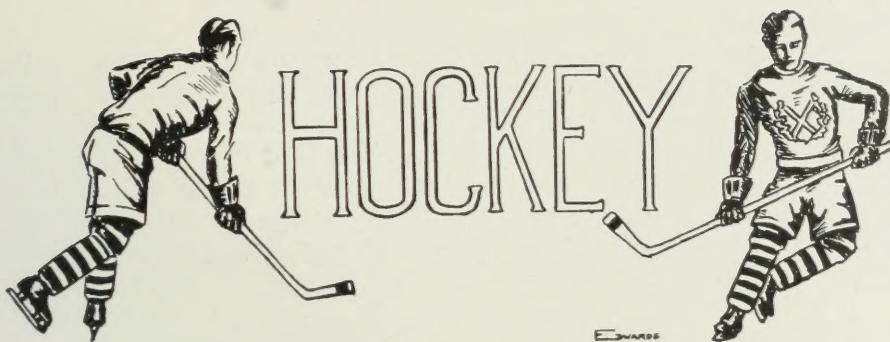
DONOVAN (JACK)—Jack aspires to be a wicket-keeper and seems likely to succeed. His batting is rather loose but is showing gradual improvement.

HUGHES (HUGS)—Our versatile and genial manager. Jack is not sure whether he is manager, scorer, or player (he can do all in a pinch). Nevertheless Harry is quoted as saying, "Jack is the best manager I've ever had."



BEARCATS

Standing, left to right: H. M. COX, P. M. HOLTON, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, W. H. ADAMS,
I. B. MACDONALD, MR. K. KETCHUM, F. F. McEACHREN, R. F. BROWN.
Sitting, left to right: R. C. KILGOUR, W. G. FINLAY, J. D. JONES, J. B. MCCOLL, W. S. SHARP,
A. S. THOMPSON, H. W. BARKER.



This year the hockey team was severely handicapped by lack of practice. The so-called winter weather rendered the outdoor rinks useless and it was difficult to obtain practice hours at the Aurora rink. Despite all this there was rather more than the usual enthusiasm displayed, and when the opportunity offered, we turned out a nicely balanced team, rather short on condition, it is true, but keen and willing.

We had Pentland of last year's team in goal with Cox I as relief. This was Cox's first year at hockey and he improved rapidly. Allan and Plaunt, two exceptionally sturdy defenders, took great delight in slowing up the opposing forwards and were always threats on the attack. The first line of Donnelly, Perrin and Moffatt worked well together and pulled off some good plays. The second string, Armstrong, Graham, McIvor and Hughes, second only in name, accounted for their share of the goals, and worked hard. On the whole, the team turned in a good game whether winning or losing, and that spirit is surely the primary object of hockey.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. T.C.S.

This was the team's first game of the season, and clearly showed that they were in need of more practice. However, they did remarkably well against a superior outfit, although the score showed 5-1 against them.

First Period

Both teams started cautiously and shot from outside the defence, with neither able to do much in the way of combination. After six minutes had been played T.C.S. scored on a shot from the blue line. St. Andrew's came right back, however, and evened the count when Perrin scored from a mix-up in front of the T.C.S. net. Play remained fairly even until the last few minutes, then Wynn went right in on Pentland and gave him no chance to save. Score at the end of first period: T.C.S. 2; S.A.C. 1.

Second Period

The second period opened quite a bit faster than the first, and both teams did more passing. T.C.S. forwards back-checked well and broke away more frequently than ours. On one of these fast-rushes they tricked the defence nicely and put the puck behind Pentland before our forwards could get back, thus making the score 3-1 in their favour. S.A.C. tried hard, but could not make any headway, and just at the end of the period Trinity scored again. End of second period T.C.S. 4; S.A.C. 1.

Third Period

The last period commenced at a whirlwind pace, with S.A.C. pressing. Moffatt, Perrin and Donnelly had two or three chances to score, but failed by inches. When about ten minutes had elapsed both teams showed signs of tiring badly. T.C.S. scored a surprise goal with about five minutes to go which aroused our team to action, but try as they did, it resulted in no further scoring. End of third period: T.C.S. 5; S.A.C. 1.



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1932-33

Top row, left to right: A. F. GRAHAM, T. G. ARMSTRONG, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD,
J. H. HAMILTON, W. A. McIVER, J. B. ALLEN.
Bottom row, left to right: J. F. HUGHES, W. B. PLAUNT, T. H. G. DONNELLY, J. D. PERRIN,
W. T. PENTLAND.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. ZETA PSI

On Saturday, February 4th, we met here a team from the Zeta Psi fraternity of Toronto. They were forced to borrow Cox I from us to play goal, and so the game was not a true test of their strength. We were easy victors by the score of 10-2. The game was productive of good hockey, despite the fact that both teams had but two or three practices. Moffatt with three, Armstrong with two, Allen, Hughes, Donnelly and Perrin were the St. Andrew's scorers, while Gurney and Dewar scored for the Zetas.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. KAPPA ALPHA

On Wednesday, February 15th, we engaged the Kappa Alpha Society team on our ice. Again Cox was pressed into service as goal-keeper for them and he did his utmost to enable the Kappas to win. His efforts were unavailing, however, as St. Andrew's won by the close score of 9-7. This game was a very well-played one even with the large score, and neither team was assured of victory until the final bell. Armstrong, Moffatt, Perrin, Donnelly and Allen were our scorers, while Rea proved to be the best for the visitors. In the last half S.A.C. showed better defensive work and managed to hold out.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. RIDLEY

For the first time in several years we played an exhibition hockey match against Ridley on their rink on Saturday, February 18th. It turned out to be a close, hard-fought game, and St. Andrew's turned in a well-earned victory.

First Period

Play opened at a fast clip despite the soft ice, and St. Andrew's created quite a stir when they almost scored in the first few minutes. Perrin, Moffatt and Donnelly were working well and after several minutes Donnelly scored on a shot from the side. Ridley forwards had difficulty breaking through our first line, but got through finally and found the net from outside our defence. Cox made some fine stops in goal, and managed to hold our opponents to one goal until he retired at the end of the first period. End of first period: Ridley 1; S.A.C. 1.

Second Period

Both teams took advantage of the good ice at the beginning and worked in for some close shots. There was no scoring until the teams changed lines, then Armstrong, Graham, and McIver, after a nice passing

play succeeded in poking the puck into the net, Graham scoring. Play remained even for the most part but towards the end of the period Armstrong took a pass from Plaunt and made no mistake. Second period over. S.A.C. 3; Ridley 1.

Third Period

The ice was pretty soft by this time and it made combination difficult. However, no sooner had the whistle blown to start the period than Donnelly scored on a long shot, which was rather a lucky one. Ridley retaliated with renewed vigour and were in close many times, but were usually turned back by the defence or Pentland. Finally Mitchell for Ridley swept in and flicked the puck into the net. Three minutes later Armstrong again scored on a perfect pass from Graham, which concluded the scoring.

Perrin, Plaunt, Armstrong, and Donnelly were best for S.A.C., while Hart and Ripley starred for Ridley. Final score: S.A.C. 5; Ridley 3.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. LAKEFIELD SCHOOL

A short game was arranged with Lakefield on Monday, February 27th, to be played at Varsity Arena.

The first period opened slowly, neither team being able to get in close. The ice seemed very soft, which slowed up the plays considerably. Lakefield broke fast on numerous occasions and Cox was forced to make some fine saves. After seven minutes had elapsed they scored on a shot from outside the defence. Eight minutes later they repeated on a nice play by Machray, to make the score 2-0. There was no further scoring in this period.

Last Period

St. Andrew's commenced the second and final period with a determined spirit, and two or three times went right in only to have Fletcher, the Grove goal-keeper, save nicely. Donnelly rushed alone and split their defence, but with the goalie at his mercy, hit the post. Lakefield caught our forwards flat-footed soon after and scored.

In the last few minutes play dragged a little, with both teams tiring. S.A.C. could not find the net despite frequent chances afforded Allen, Armstrong, and Donnelly, whereas Lakefield scored again with three minutes left to play, Machray netting the puck on a pass from Wright.

One feature of the game that should be noted was the almost complete absence of penalties. Final score: Lakefield 4; S.A.C. 0.

J. H. H.



BANTAM HOCKEY TEAM, 1932-33

Top row, left to right: R. J. HARRIS, MR. D. G. DOWDEN, H. M. COX.

Bottom row, left to right: W. G. FINLAY, J. W. WILSON, W. T. PENTLAND, W. A. MACKERROW



MIDGETS, 1932-33

Top row, left to right: G. COCKFIELD, J. D. JONES, H. W. BARKER, DR. D. BRUCE MACDONALD,
J. H. HAMILTON, R. C. KILGOUR, W. S. SHARP.

Bottom row, left to right: F. G. COX, J. S. MOOREHEAD, J. H. DONOVAN, R. F. BROWN,
D. MACASKILL.

The "Bantams"

A "Bantam" team visited Pickering College on January 30th and were defeated in a fast, clean game 4-3.

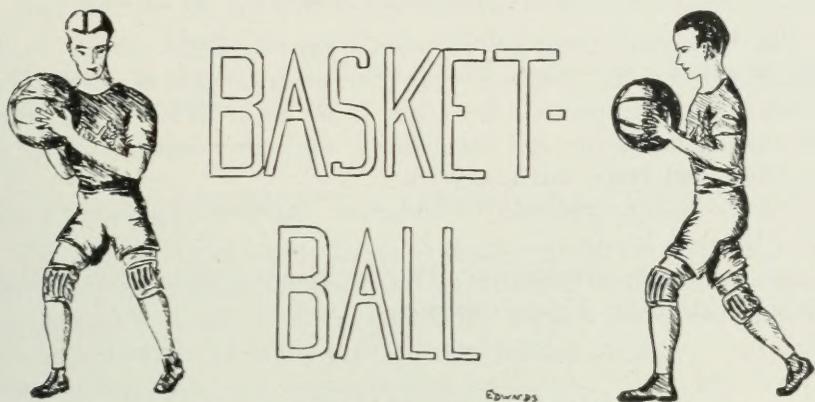
The following boys were chosen to play: McColl (capt.), Pentland, Cox II, Cox III, Holton, MacKerrow II, Adamson, Finlay, Wilson I, Russell and Harris.

S.A.C. scored in the first period through MacKerrow. Pickering scored three goals in the second. Cox II scored a fine solo goal in the third period, but then an unfortunate accident gave Pickering a "gift" goal. One of our forwards, in trying to clear from a scramble in front of our goal shoved the puck past the unsuspecting Pentland. Cox II made it 4-3 with another good goal.

Owing to lack of practice the team took some time to settle down.

The best combination was Pentland; Cox III and Adamson, Cox II, McColl, MacKerrow. Holton was the best of the others. Cox II, in particular, played a very good game.





ST. ANDREW'S vs. TRINITY COLLEGE

The first game of the new year was played on January 26th on our floor, against Trinity College of the U. of T. Our opponents were a little more experienced, and came out on the long end of a 28-22 score. Play on the whole was fairly even until the last few minutes, when Trinity scored two quick baskets. Losing with ten points, and McCarty with eight, were best for them, MacKerrow and Perrin starred for S.A.C.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. AURORA HIGH SCHOOL

Two games were played with the Aurora team this year. The first one, which took place before Christmas, resulted in a tie. Both teams had the lead many times, but could not obtain a sufficient one, and consequently they remained deadlocked at the end of full time. Score: S.A.C. 24. Aurora H.S. 24.

In the second, St. Andrew's clearly outplayed their rivals, and scored a decisive victory. The team took an early lead and were never behind at any time. Hare and Fee got most of the baskets for S.A.C., but were ably assisted by Cox II and MacKerrow. Cox, Macdonald, Babcock, and Stiles were Aurora's best. Score: S.A.C. 24. Aurora H.S. 16.

Aurora—Babcock, Stiles, Macdonald, Cox, Shimizu, Turp, Hacking, Bellman, Murray, Hamlin.

St. Andrew's—Hare, Perrin, Rea, Fee, Plaunt, Allen, Cox, Armstrong, Shoch, Green, MacKerrow.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

The basketball team met a team from the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity on Friday, February 3rd. St. Andrew's were in rare form and defeated them decisively, the score being 24-8. The Dekes seemed powerless to break through our defence, while the forwards led by Fee, Cox, Rea, and Hare, did fine work.

D.K.E.—Gage, Brennan, Henderson, Lockner, Denison, Tucker, Daly, Rapsey, Davis.

S.A.C.—Hare, MacKerrow, Perrin, Plaunt, Allen, Shoch, Green, Rea, Fee, Metcalfe, Cox, Armstrong.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. MALVERN JUNIORS

Malvern juniors visited us on Wednesday, February 15th, and engaged our first team. Both squads were very evenly matched.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM, 1932-33

Top row, left to right: A. F. CLEMENT, E. S. FEE, J. B. ALLEN, MR. M. G. GRIFFITHS, T. G. ARMSTRONG, R. E. MACKERROW, REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD.
Bottom row, left to right: P. C. REA, W. B. PLAUNT, R. W. HARE, J. R. SHOCH, J. D. PERRIN, W. L. COX.

St. Andrew's led up till within five minutes to go, but weakened at the last moment. The score was 22-21. Holman and Friend were always in the thick of the fray for Malvern, and Fee's work was the highlight of our team's display.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. JARVIS COLLEGIATE

The next game was with Jarvis Collegiate juniors of Toronto. This game was exceptionally close all the way, but St. Andrew's managed to pull through and win 22-21, in overtime. Play was marred somewhat by a large number of fouls, with Fee the leading offender. Grossman, Levantus and Olsh were the mainstays for Jarvis. Hare and Fee were our most consistent scorers.

St. Andrew's—Hare, MacKerrow, Perrin, Plaunt, Allen, Shoch, Green, Rea, Fee, Metcalfe, Cox, Armstrong.

Jarvis—Goldberg, Haber, Levantus, Grossman, Neale, Rosen, Staples, Stone, Olsh.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. RIDLEY

On February 18th, the basketball team journeyed to St. Catharines for their annual game with Ridley, along with First and Lower School hockey teams.

S.A.C. was not so fortunate in the basketball—losing by the score of 53-27. The teams seemed badly disorganized and did not regain the form shown in previous games until it was too late.

Ridley started off with a rush, and managed to run up fifteen points before our team could even get a basket. At half time the score was 29-9 against us.

In the second half Ridley kept up the pressure and scored regularly. S.A.C. defence seemed unable to cope with the opposing forwards. However, our forwards did better work and pulled our score up considerably. Hart and Newman were Ridley's chief threats, while Hare and Fee were best for St. Andrew's.

Ridley—Newman, Galen, Hart, Shambleau, Clark, Powell, Wilson, Harris, Ripley, Kilman.

St. Andrew's—Hare, Plaunt, Allen, Perrin, MacKerrow, Shoch, Fee, Cox, Armstrong, Rea, Metcalfe, Green.



Macdonald House

The Literary Society

ON Friday evening, March 17th, a meeting of the Lower School Literary Society was held by the boys of Macdonald House.

Finlay and Thompson II presided over the meeting, which opened with a selection by the orchestra.

The showing of the boys was very creditable. Dr. Macdonald later remarked, that despite their youth, they were gaining self-confidence which later would stand them in good stead.

Perhaps the most outstanding numbers were those of the Orchestra, the first in about nine years in the Lower School, and a skit by the First Formers.

The boys of Macdonald House should be congratulated on their fine display, which perhaps was the best Literary Society entertainment of the year.

The following boys participated: Finlay, Thompson II, Wilson II, Allespach I and II, Marlatt, Read, Carr, Christie, McEachren, Holton, Armstrong II, Morton, Harris, Hood, Heintzman and Sisman.

Wood and Leather Craft

THE younger boys of Macdonald House have formed a manual training club under the direction of Mr. Griffiths.

A special room has been assigned for the use of club members, and here during their spare time the boys work at their various models.

A display of wood and leather craft was held. Many favourable and encouraging comments were heard.

Lower School Cricket

AGREAT deal of enthusiasm has been shown by the junior boys this year.

We have been unfortunate in losing the services of Pentland, the captain, owing to illness. He has that rare gift of "bowling a length"—the first attribute any bowler, who is ever to be really good, must possess. Speed, spin and swerve are all useless without "length". MacKerrow II and Straith II are both fair bowlers, and MacKerrow's energy and keenness have set an excellent example to everyone. MacKerrow also shows promise as a bat and will make many runs in years to come.

Adamson, Rowan, Morton, MacIntosh and Thompson III have made some rather unorthodox runs, but are all of the "get on or get out" temperament. Jarvis I has kept wicket quite satisfactorily, and the fielding has been good.



LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN

Standing, left to right: MR. T. B. D. TUDBALL, E. W. THOMPSON, D. G. K. MACINTOSH,
D. C. MORTON, C. M. STRAITH, J. J. C. READ, CAPT. C. A. B. YOUNG.

Sitting, left to right: R. J. SWEENEY, D. H. ROWAN, E. G. ADAMSON, W. T. PENTLAND,
W. A. MACKERROW, A. M. JARVIS, A. R. ARMSTRONG.

Sitting on grass: A. J. ADAMS, J. M. GRIPTON.

S.A.C. v. U.C.C.

Played at Aurora on June 1st, U.C.C. won by 56 runs. They batted first on an easy wicket and, helped by 3 or 4 missed catches, reached a total of 94 before declaring with 6 wickets down. MacKerrow and Straith both bowled well without much luck and took 4 and 2 wickets respectively. Our batting proved weak and we were dismissed for 38. MacKerrow with 20, not out, batted well but could get no one to stop with him.

The U.C.C. bowling was only fair—Tompson III having the misfortune to get the only really good ball sent down. The U.C.C. fielding was very good and no chances were missed.

S.A.C. v. T.C.S.

Played at Aurora on June 2nd, T.C.S. batted first and were all out for 39. With the aid of some steady batting by MacKerrow (11) and Rowan (13), and some hard hitting by Adamson (28) our total reached 74. T.C.S. got 48 in their second innings leaving us only 14 to get. These were obtained for the loss of 4 wickets, giving us the victory by 6 wickets.

In the two innings Mackerrow took 10 wickets for 36 while Straith II had 7 for 37.

Lower School Hockey

Lower School hockeyists completed their schedule of games this season, including those with Ridley College, T.C.S. and Upper Canada College without a single defeat.

Several factors contributed to this rather unique performance. Early workouts on "the flats" below Yonge St., weeks before ice was available at school, strengthened leg and ankle muscles, and provided opportunity for practice in stick handling and manoeuvring. Rowan, a promising right winger, injured his arm in one of these early practices and his services were lost to the squad. Had he been able to play he would undoubtedly have won his colours. Another factor was the effective work of three experienced players; Pentland in goal, Adamson on the defense and MacKerrow at centre.

The most important element, however, in the season's successful issue, particularly gratifying to those who are interested in the development of hockey teams in Lower School was the attitude of the boys towards the game itself. Practically every boy in Macdonald House played the game. They were intensely keen and willing, and not only did all have a great deal of fun, but, their team won their games.

On February 14 the visiting T.C.S. team, headed by Cutten, a fast skater and spear-head of the visitor's attack, engaged the S.A.C. squad in their first important tilt.

T.C.S. banged in two goals before Pentland in the nets realized what it was all about. Conditions were reversed in the second period. Adamson and MacKerrow accounted for two goals each and Thompson III one. Final score—S.A.C. 5; T.C.S. 3.

The return game, played at Port Hope late in the season, was won in the third period when the crimson and white players came from behind to tie and eventually to win the match.

Read turned in an excellent game in the nets, and Adamson, of whom great things are expected in years to come, accounted for three goals.

Armstrong II, a consistent wing player, was used on the defense when Adamson played up, and was equally reliable in that position.

The score—S.A.C. 6; T.C.S. 4.

In conjunction with the Upper School hockey and basketball teams, the Lower School sextet travelled by bus to Ridley College on February 18. The game against Ridley College Lower School, played in the afternoon after the senior fixture, resulted in a 1-0 victory for S.A.C. MacKerrow II and Hood were responsible for the goal. Holton on the alternate wing line was outstanding.



LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM (UNDEFEATED), 1932-33

Top row, left to right: A. S. THOMPSON, A. M. JARVIS, W. T. PENTLAND, A. R. ARMSTRONG,
D. C. MORTON, MR. R. COWAN.
Bottom row, left to right: E. W. THOMPSON, W. A. MACKERROW, J. J. C. READ,
D. G. K. MACINTOSH.

The U.C.C. match, played at the Aurora arena, resulted in a scoreless tie. Morton on the defense, and MacIntosh on the second line played consistently.

Colours were granted to the following: Pentland (capt.), Adamson, Morton, Armstrong II, MacKerrow II, Thompson III, Read, MacIntosh.

A team consisting of Macdonald House boys played a game with an Aurora Junior team.

The latter were the winners, but it was an exciting game throughout.

The St. Andrew's boys, playing in the Aurora Arena, put up a splendid game in spite of the determined attacks of the heavier team.

Another game with a U.C.C. group, known as the "Eagles", was scheduled, but cancelled owing to the condition of the ice.

Basketball

During the Easter term a basketball team composed of Macdonald House boys under the management of Mr. Griffiths challenged and played a home game with the Richmond Hill Junior team. Although the visiting team gave the St. Andrew's boys keen competition, the school won by the score of 28-23. Owing to the gymnasium display this was the only junior basketball game played during the season.

Golf

Golf has as usual its many enthusiasts. When cricket is not being played, the school course is dotted with aspiring Hagens and Joneses.

The playing field forms an ideal fairway for the new holes laid out this year.



A Hole in One.

Macdonald House Notes

We congratulate Holton and Finlay, wardens of Macdonald House, on the way in which they have carried out their many duties this year. Both have been faithful and willing and their efforts have been appreciated by boys and masters of Macdonald House alike.



TINKER

Tinker, the wonder pup, celebrated his first anniversary recently. He occasionally visits the various classrooms to learn his "spellings".



JANUARY



JUNE

LOWER SCHOOL SKITS

CARR: "Mackerrow says he got a beautiful lamp boxing."

MARY: "I just knew he'd win something in athletics."

MR. DOWDEN says a bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

MR. TUDBALL: "Can anyone tell me how iron ore was discovered?"

MACKINTOSH: "They smelt it, sir."

FATHER: "Your boy friend talks too much; he rattles along like an old Ford."

VIRGINIA: "Yes, but his clutch is so different."

DR. UNDERHILL absentmindedly (tinkering inside car): "I'm afraid this is going to hurt a little."

HETHERINGTON: "I do an essay for Mr. Findlay in about half an hour and think nothing of it."

MC EACHREN: "Neither does Mr. Findlay."



RUSSELL: "Of course being back in New York I miss the cows, and sheep and pigs and things."

BETTY: "Ah, yes, but we still have each other, darling."

MRS. FLATFEET: "There's something dove-like about our boy."

MR. FLATFEET: "Yes, he's pigeon-toed."

FINLAY: "My ancestors sprang from a long line of peers."

HOLTON: "Did they drown?"



MR. LAIDLAW tells us that the depression will be followed by a boom.
The sound of banks crashing we suppose.

GIRL TO MORTON: "What have you ever done to amuse me except give me your photo?"

POLICEMAN: "How did you knock him down?"

HARRIS: "I didn't touch him. I pulled up to let him go across and he fainted."

HOOD: "Women do not interest me; I prefer the company of my fellow men."

MACKENZIE: "Shake brother I haven't any money either."

SECOND FORM DEBATE

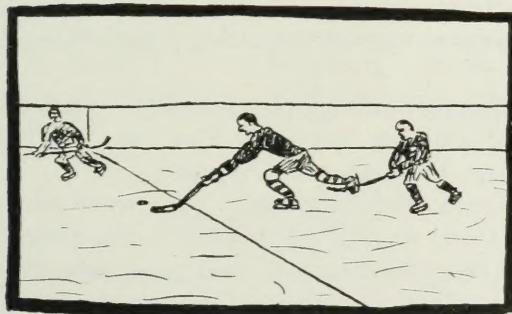
CARR (speaking for the affirmative): "Mr. Chairman, unfortunately I am opposed by an ignoramus!"

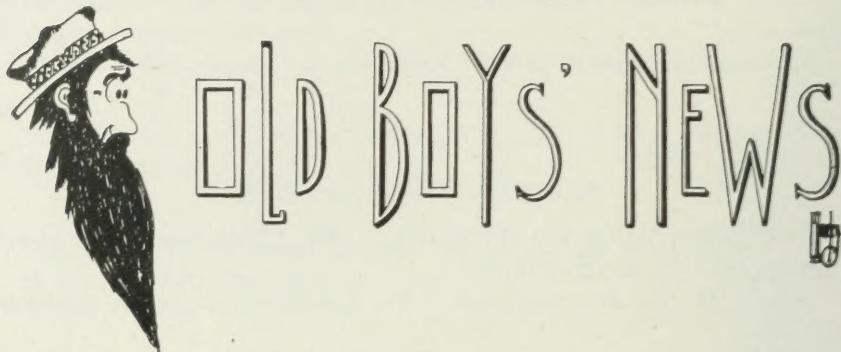
JARVIS II (for the negative): "My opponent is such a blithering idiot —"

RUSSELL (in the chair): "The debaters will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute."

OLD LADY (to Gripton): "Surely the matron could find pieces of material more like your trousers when she patches them."

GRIPTON: "That isn't a patch—that's me."





Annual Dinner

On the evening of February 2nd, about one hundred and seventy-five Old Andreans assembled in the Crystal Ball Room of the King Edward Hotel.

Gordon Rolph, the president of the association, was in the chair, and acted as Master of Ceremonies. After the toast to the King had been proposed and drunk, the College was likewise honoured, followed by a rousing "Hoot!" Dr. Macdonald, in replying to this toast, outlined the actual healthy condition in which the old school was thriving in these trying times. He was given a most attentive hearing and accorded a great ovation at the close of his most interesting speech.

Don McLaughlin then introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Elwood Hughes, who entertained the gathering with humorous anecdotes and interesting incidents of Canadian sporting events during the past twenty-five years.

A feature of this year's dinner then followed—a series of short speeches (or shall we say rambling remarks?) from the "Old Guard"—Messrs. Robinson, Findlay, Fleming, and Chapman.

But, after all, why record speeches? Yes, there were speeches, music and lots of good food—but the real reason for this annual event is just to get together and meet dozens of the "old gang" whom we never seem to see during the year, and to talk over those good old days when we used to do this or we didn't do that, and how Old . . . gave us that double gating, etc., etc. Our memories grow keener from year to year. Well, Mr. Old Boy, if you missed this year's dinner, resolve now to attend next year.

Dr. K. G. (Rubber) McKenzie while playing golf at Summit recently observed quantities of rising smoke just north of the course. Upon investigating he found that his own log cabin was in flames.

We have it on good authority that the outbreak was not due to sulphurous words dropped by the doctor as he "dubbed" his approach on the 16th—even though the grass on the fairway did smoulder.

We also learn that he continued his game regardless—thereby qualifying for the supreme golfer's award along with another famous golfer who, it is reputed, asked leave to play through a foursome ahead, because he had just been told that his wife was very ill and he was urgently wanted home.

The headmaster, while in London, Ont., as guest speaker at the Canadian Club luncheon on May 10th, was later entertained by Old Boys from the various centres of Western Ontario at their inaugural Old Boys' Association of Western Ontario meeting.

The members of the newly formed organization welcomed their past mentor gladly, and assured him of their loyalty and co-operation.

Dr. Macdonald, in responding to the toast to the school proposed by Joe Taylor, reviewed briefly the school history for the past few years, giving many interesting side-lights that appealed to his audience.

An executive committee consisting of J. W. Taylor, Harold I. Smith, S. Gordon Robertson and C. E. Norris was appointed.

The following Old Boys were present:

Acres, C. Allan, Western University.	McCannell, J. D., London.
Clare, J. Stuart, Preston.	McVean, D. P., Dresden.
Detwiler, Prof. J. D., Western University.	Montgomery, Scott, Western University.
Doherty, J. E., London.	Norris, C. E., London.
Gunn, John M., London.	Piggott, Gordon J., Chatham.
Hockin, W. Clifford, Wallaceburg.	Ponsford, George, St. Thomas.
Hunter, Harold M., St. Marys.	Robertson, S. Gordon, London.
Lightbourne, Rev. F. G., Stratford.	Smith, Harold I., London.
McIntosh, D. G., Kitchener.	Taylor, J. W., London.
McPherson, Murray, Chatham.	

Class Notes

'02. Charlie Cantley, who has been in New York for the past four years, is now living in Montreal.

'03. Congratulations to Forsey P. Page who has been elected President of the Ontario Association of Architects.

'04. Colonel H. F. H. Hertzberg, general staff officer of Military District No. 2, inspected the Sault Ste. Marie Regiment. At the winter sports of the Regiment at Tarentorus Township, Col. Hertzberg won first place in aggregate

points, and finished first in the snowshoe race against keen competition.

'07. The Kirkhouse Golf School at 1430 Yonge St. is under the direction of Ivan B. Kirkhouse. Kirkhouse is an authority on golf and a teacher. He is also writer of the nationally syndicated golf articles "Reduce your Handicap" and "Heid Doon, Lad"! Any Old Boys who wish to improve their game should call upon Kirkhouse.

'07. George B. Elliott, Reeve of North

York Township, has been elected Warden of York County.

'08. Fred W. Macdonald has joined forces with Messrs. A. G. Cameron & Co.

'08. T. D. Farquhar has moved from Halifax to Miami, Florida, where he has opened the office of The Farquhar Service (Real Estate and Yacht Brokers).

'08. Percy McAvity is now living on Old Forest Hill Rd., Toronto. In 1927 Mr. and Mrs. McAvity moved to Winnipeg, where they have been until recently.

'08. "Ken" McKinnon has assumed the management of Dundas Motor Sales Ltd.

'09. Henry K. Hamilton is now with the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co.

'09. K. Sinclair MacLachlan has been elected President of the Fraser Companies Ltd. of Edmunston, N.B., large manufacturers of spruce lumber and cedar shingles, bleached and easy bleaching sulphite pulp, and paper board. Mr. Sinclair had been General Manager of the Company since April, 1920.

Joe Evans ('10), who is Managing Director of the Edward Evans & Son Ltd., Shanghai, sends us word that D. M. Sinclair ('03) is with the C.P.R. in Shanghai, and J. C. A. Taylor ('27) is in charge of his father's automobile business in that city.

'12. Donald R. McLaughlin has been elected President of the Rotary Club for the current year. Congratulations from THE REVIEW.

'13. Frank C. Hamilton is now in St. Louis, U.S.A.

'19. E. W. Denison, Cambridge, ran a wonderful race in the match between Oxford and Cambridge and Yale and Harvard, at Stamford Bridge in July, 1931, and finished seventy yards in front of the Harvard Runner. Denison's time was 14 minutes 44 2/5 seconds. Denison who is an officer in the Royal Engineers, represented the Army in the three miles team race in the athletic tournament between the Army, Royal Air Force, and the Royal Navy and Marines, at Stamford Bridge in July, 1931. On this occasion his

running was very impressive, and the Army won this event.

'20. Gordon Thorley is President of the Century Bon & Management Co. Ltd., 67 Yonge St.

'20. Eric Acland has been with the "Evening Telegram" for the past four years, reporting news in Military circles.

'20. Russell T. Black has just returned from the West Indies, where he has been on a tour of inspection for the Sun Life Insurance Co.

We learn that John D. Moberly ('20) is with the Air Force at the Flin Flon, and E. S. MacKay ('26) is a pilot with the Ontario Provincial Air Force at Sioux Lookout.

'21. "Hep" Ellis, and Mrs. Ellis, paid a visit to the school recently. For the past six years Ellis has been with the Rhokana Corporation (Copper), in Northern Rhodesia, Africa, and is now on leave of absence for ten months.

'22. Slater Ellis is in London, Eng., with the Company of Sir John Burnett & Lorne (Architects).

'23. Kenneth D. Rogers is now with Gunns, Ltd. We are glad to know of Rogers' whereabouts as it was some time since we had heard from him.

'24. C. Wilmot Wilson, who lived in Brantford for several years, is now back in Toronto with the Imperial Life Insurance Co.

'25. We are in receipt of a most interesting letter from Stuart B. Wood, an active member of the Review Staff while at College in his day, in which he shows his keen interest in the production of the magazine of his old school, and offers several valuable suggestions. We are all delighted at such evidences of interest on the part of the Old Boys, and only wish they enjoyed "The Review" as thoroughly as "Stu" evidently does. Wood is now with Compania Peruana de Telefonos Ltda., Lima, Peru.

'26. Randolph Crowe spent two weeks at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, during the Christmas vacation, where he took part in the Christmas Dramatics. *The Saturday Night* stated: "Mr. Crowe's King Claudius

was possibly the most logically conceived and symmetrically executed piece of acting in the entire production. Less distinguished for his elocution, he atoned for that by the nobility of his bearing and the convincing way in which he portrayed the secondary tragedy which rages in the breast of the royal fratricide."

'26. J. S. Dinnick was a member of the University of Toronto team that went to Syracuse. Dinnick holds the light heavyweight title in that division at the U. of T.

'26. Hubert Sprott was selected a member of one of the two groups chosen to represent Canada in the Figure-Skating at Madison Gardens, New York City, in competition for "The Duke of Connaught" trophy. His group came second.

'28. "Gib" Craig is now with Canadian Industries Ltd., makes of Cellophane, etc., etc.

'29. Ralph Grant played on the Cambridge Soccer Team this year in the Annual Game with Oxford, the score being 3-1 in favour of Cambridge. It is reported that Grant was the outstanding star on the team, although he had been out of the game for two months owing to broken ribs. Grant also played goal for England in an Amateur Soccer international, in which they defeated Scotland 1-0.

'30. The latest news of Hugh MacMillan (Jacksonville, Florida) informs us that he is now entering the Law School of the University of Acadia.

'30. Ned Sinclair is with Macassa Mines, Kirkland Lake, Ont., for the summer months. There is further news of Ned in Stubbs' letter which appears in this issue of THE REVIEW.

'32. In addition to attending the Haileybury High School, Sidney Teare is enrolled in the Mining School for Surveying, Mechanical Drawing and Mining.

'32. Mr. G. D. H. Hatfield, M.A., has accepted a position as a teacher of English in the Glebe Collegiate Institute at Ottawa for next year.

Scott Montgomery ('32), George Ponsford ('32), and C. A. Acres ('32) are attending the University of Western Ontario,

London. Montgomery made the Intermediate Swimming Team.

We congratulate Fraser Grant, Hugh Donald and R. P. Saunders, who served as officers with the 92nd Battalion, on becoming K.C.'s.

Joe Annand is working for the Confederation Life Association again this summer. In his examinations at Queen's he obtained one First, two Seconds, and one Third.

J. C. Dunlap has just graduated from Osgoode Hall. He is going to practise in Pembroke, Ont.

Births

BEDLINGTON—At Strathcona Hospital, May 29th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Ashley J. Bedlington, 42 Hubbard boulevard, a son.

FIRSTBROOK—On Thursday, May 11, at Wellesley Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Firstbrook, a son.

'02. **KILGOUR**—On December 26th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kilgour, the birth of a daughter.

'07. **MACKAY**—On Thursday, May 4, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. W. P. MacKay of Simcoe, a son.

'07. **RANEY**—At Wellesley Hospital, Toronto, June the 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Raney of Brighton, Ont. (nee Gladys Solomon), a daughter (Elizabeth Thayer).

'09. **PEDLEY**—On Wednesday, December 28th, to Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Pedley, M.C., and Mrs. Pedley, of Humberside, Ontario, a son.

'09. **HAAS**—On Wednesday, February 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Haas, a daughter.

'10. **HAMILTON**—On Saturday, April 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hamilton, a daughter.

'15. **SOMERS**—On Sunday, February 26, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Somers, a son.

'15. **BELL**—On March 10, 1933, the wife of Hilliard Brooke Bell, of a daughter.

'18. **BEATH**—At Sudbury, Ont., to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Beath, a daughter (Barbara Ann).

'18. LIGHTBOURN—On Saturday, April 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lightbourn, Paget, Bermuda, a daughter (Jane).

'18. GALLAGHER—At Casa Maria, Hamilton, on Saturday, March 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. L. Gallagher, a son.

'21. APPLEGATH—On Thursday, February 9th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Walter Applegath Jr., 161 Lascelles boulevard, a daughter (Catherine Jane).

'21. CROWTHER—On April 9th, 1933, to Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Crowther (nee Margaret W. Craw), a daughter.

'21. TERRYBERRY—At the Private Patients Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Thursday, June 1st, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Terryberry, Oakville, a daughter.

'23. FAIR—On Monday, March 13, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Fair, a son.

'24. DYMENT—On Easter Sunday, to Mr. and Mrs. John Dyment (nee Josephine Bull), a son.

'26. SPROTT—On Wednesday, April 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Sprott of 232 Glenview Ave., a daughter (Mary Homer).

'28. VALE—On Sunday, March 19th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. N. Vale, a daughter.

'28. ROLPH—To Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rolph, a daughter.

'30. COSGRAVE—In February, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. James Lyon Cosgrave, birth of a daughter.

Marriages

KETCHUM-BEAUREGARD—On Monday, December 26th, 1932, Mr. Kenneth Ketchum, married to Miss Esther Toutant de Beauregard.

'14. ROBERTSON-YOUNG—On Saturday, April 8th, 1933, Stewart Gordon Robertson, married to Miss Catherine Young of Walkerville, Ont.

'21. PATTERSON-MORGAN—On Thursday, February 16th, 1933, Donald Stewart Patterson, married to Miss Lorraine Morgan of Montreal.

'24. HISCOCK-CHALKER—On Tuesday, December 6th, 1932, Edmund Hiscock, married to Miss Sybil Francis Chalker of St. John's, Newfoundland.

'25. BEAUREGARD-MORGAN—On Saturday, May 20th, 1933, Samuel S. Toutant Beauregard, married to Miss Catharine Grace Morgan in the Chapel of Bishop Strachan School.

Obituary

STONEHOUSE, CHESTER EDWARD was born on June 4th, 1881. He entered St. Andrew's College in October 1903, coming from Harbord Collegiate Institute. He left school in June 1905, having gone through Forms Four and Five. For a time he studied Law, but later took a position with the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Company. Early in 1916 he joined the 35th Battalion, with whom he went overseas as a N.C.O. In April 1916 he was sent to France, having gone back to the ranks in order to get to the front. He was soon made a Lance Corporal. In August 1916 he was severely wounded, and after leaving the hospital was sent for duty with the Canadian Command Dept., where he remained until the conclusion of the War.

On returning to Canada he re-entered the services of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Co., with whom he was employed as adjuster. He passed away after a brief illness on March 14th, 1933.

Many Old Boys of the earlier days will learn with regret of Chester Stonehouse's death in the days of his manhood's fulness, and will join with THE REVIEW in expressions of sympathy with the family which is left to mourn him.



Exchanges

SOMETIMES it is hard to know just what is expected of an exchange editor. The stand taken by contemporaries varies from a mere acknowledgment of each publication to a detailed discussion of their individual merits. We have compromised on this question and now limit ourselves to commenting on those magazines only which seem to lend themselves to criticism. It is doubtful whether much attention is paid to any comments, because they are usually too complimentary, but we hope that what suggestions we have seen fit to make will be carefully considered and received in the same spirit of progress in which they are offered.

We have received the following exchanges:—

The Grove Chronicle—Lakefield School. A fine type of school magazine.

Where are all those good jokes you used to publish?

The Limit—Loughborough College, England. One of the brightest from overseas. Those little sketches and illustrations are quite clever and amusing.

The Oracle—Fort William Collegiate Institute. Your poetry section is especially good. Try to keep the ads apart from the reading matter.

The Twig—University of Toronto Schools. A remarkably fine publication. It makes excellent reading from cover to cover and we have no criticism to offer.

The Northland Echo—North Bay Collegiate Institute. A well-balanced year book. We admire your language department.

Acta Ridleyana—Ridley College. Every department seems well managed and you have a very readable magazine, but why not try a larger humour section?

Tech Flash—Nova Scotia Technical College. Your scientific articles are most interesting and your exchange editor has almost outdone himself. Perhaps it would not be consistent with the style of your magazine, but a few pictures would certainly help to brighten it.

The Collegiate—Sarnia. A good all-round publication. Your humour is outstanding.

The College Times—Upper Canada College. A good magazine of its kind, but can't you give the lighter element more play? A few pictures, drawings, jokes, perhaps?

Also the following:—

In Between Times—Upper Canada College.

University of Toronto Monthly.

The Harrovian—Harrow School, England.

Acadia Athenaeum—Acadia University, Nova Scotia.

The Trinity University Review—Trinity College.

Managia—Manitoba Agricultural College.

The Tollingtonian—Tollington School, England.

The Mitre—University of Bishop's College.

The School Magazine—Uppingham School, England.

The Wulfrunian—Wolverhampton School, England.

The Trinity College School Record.

The Black and Gold—St. John's College School.

The Wrekinian—Wrekin College, England.

St. Peter's College Magazine—St. Peter's College, Australia.

Blue and Gold—Queen's Hill School, Darjeeling.

The Wykehamist—Winchester School, England.

The Junior Journal—Princeton County Day School, New Jersey.

The Eagle—Bedford Modern School, England.





DENTIST: "Which tooth do you want extracted"?

PULLMAN PORTER: "Lower seven."

CAPT. YOUNG: "Stand properly at attention!"

PENTLAND: "I am, sir. It's the uniform that is at ease."

VISITOR: "How did the college manage to build such a beautiful chapel?"

ANDREAN: "It's a gift."

It is rumoured that Mr. Gerridzen thinks a ground hog is a sausage.

RODEN: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

CHAPMAN: "Why not try rubbing some on your head?"

McIver says that a hick town is a place where you are called a shiek every time you wear a necktie.

"Now be sure to write plain on those bottles", said the farmer to the druggist, "which is for the horse and which is for me. I don't want anything to happen to that horse before the spring ploughing."

MR. LAIDLAW: "What did Sir Walter Raleigh say to Queen Elizabeth when he threw his cloak in the mud for her to walk on?"

HALL (more a film than a history fan): "He said, 'Step on it, baby'!"

Cox I says that he bought a shirt that was advertised to "Laugh at the laundry," and it came back with its sides split.



MR. FINDLAY: "You are asking for the afternoon off to dig in your garden, but I find you haven't a garden."

SWEEZEEY: "Someone's taken it off the window-sill then, sir."

McIver tells of an Indian up at his home town who had returned for the third time to buy a dozen bottles of cough syrup.

DRUGGIST: "Some one sick at your house?"

INDIAN: "No sick."

DRUGGIST: "Then what on earth is all this cough syrup for?"

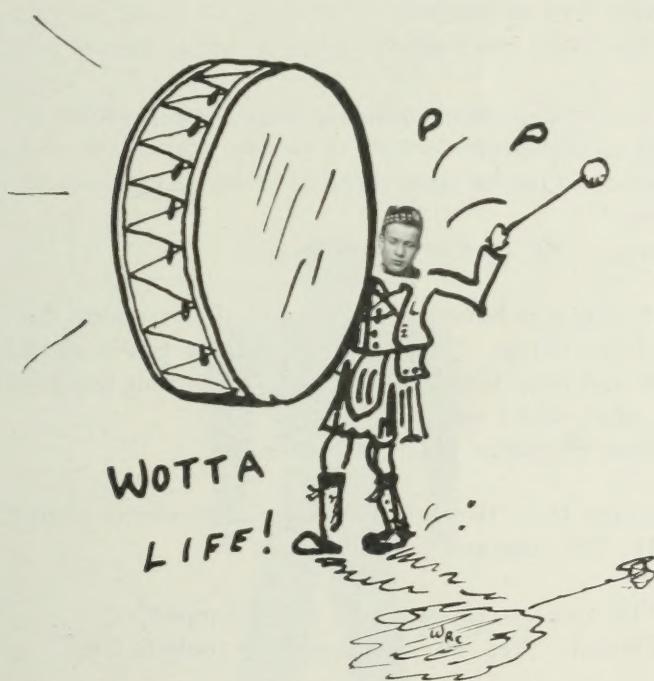
INDIAN: "Me likeum on pancakes."

"May I marry your daughter?"

"What's your vocation?"

"I'm an actor."

"Then get out before the *foot lights*."



Hetherington had just handed in a poem to Mr. Cowan for the REVIEW. Receiving a sudden inspiration, he hurriedly dashed back to Mr. Cowan's room.

"May I see that poem a moment, sir, I want to make a few changes in it."

MR. COWAN: "All right, but you had better hurry; the janitor will be here in a few minutes to empty my wastepaper basket."

FIRST KANGAROO: "Did you bring the baby?"

SECOND KANGAROO: "My goodness. I've had my pockets picked!"

The absent-minded professor was on his way home in his new car, which was absorbing all his attention, when it suddenly struck him that he had forgotten something. He stopped twice, counted his parcels, looked in his pocketbook, but finally decided he had everything with him.

When he reached home his daughter ran out, stopped with a surprised look on her face and exclaimed: "Why, daddy, where's mother?"

MOTHER: "What did your father say when he heard that you had smashed his new car?"

SON: "Shall I leave out the swear words?"

MOTHER: "Yes, of course."

SON: "He didn't say a word."

LANDLADY: "A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. You see he invented an explosive——"

PROSPECTIVE LODGER (interrupting): "Are those spots on the ceiling the explosive?"

LANDLADY: "No, they're the professor."

Capt. Young was having a rather hard time training the guards for the Cadet boys' dance. "Suppose," he said, "a person should sneak up behind you and wrap both arms around you so that you couldn't move your rifle, what would you say?"

Voice from the ranks: "Let go, honey."

MACDONALD II: "How did you find things over in India?"

COX III: "Oh, fine and Ghandi."

FOX: "Do you love to see a man smoke a pipe?"

GIRL FRIEND: "Yes, why don't you give yours to one?"

MOFFATT: "Say, I thought you were dead."

PIPE: "Of course not—why what made you think so?"

MOFFATT: "I heard some one say something nice about you this morning."

CLEMENT: "Haven't they any insane asylums in Arabia, sir?"

MR. LAIDLAW: "Certainly—why what made you think they hadn't?"

CLEMENT: "Well, it says here that there are nomad people there."

They say that in these hard times most people have given up the habit of scratching matches on the bottom of their shoes because it tears holes in their socks.

LADY (reading sign on kangaroo cage which says, 'Native of Australia'): "My goodness, my sister just wrote and said that she married one."

MOFFATT: "Did you hear the one about the nasty military officer?"

ARMSTRONG I: "No, what about him?"

MOFFATT: "He was rotten to the corps."

Grandma had, after much persuasion, finally consented to let her grandson take her for an aeroplane ride. Up and up they went until the youthful pilot leaned back and shouted: "Do you realize we are 1,500 feet in the air?"

"Oh, I'm not nervous at all," said the old lady bravely, "but don't you think it's cold enough for you to turn off the fan?"



Fearful Fink

AUTOGRAPHS

You too
will
Say

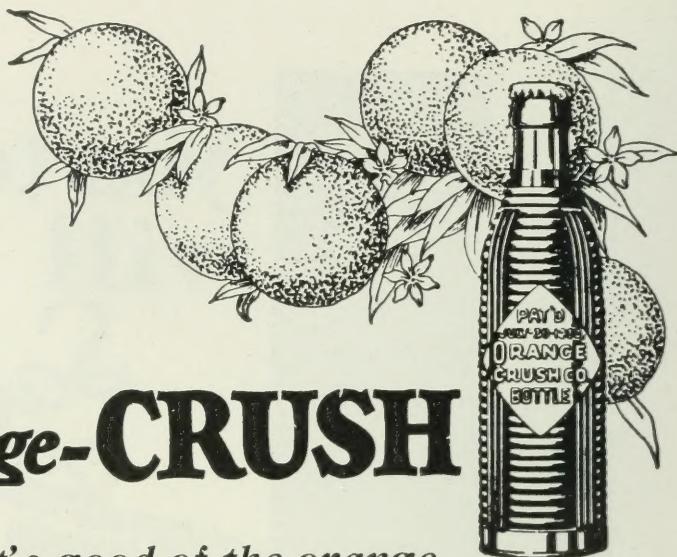


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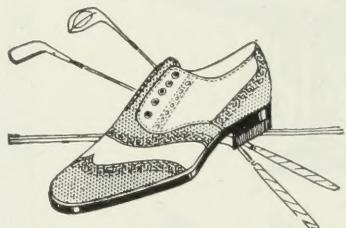
A black and white advertisement for Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate. The top half features a large, stylized, handwritten-style font that reads "You too will Say". Below this, two bars of chocolate are shown diagonally, tilted towards each other. The bars are labeled "Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE". The bottom half contains a bold, sans-serif font that reads "is the best chocolate made". The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border consisting of vertical columns of dots.

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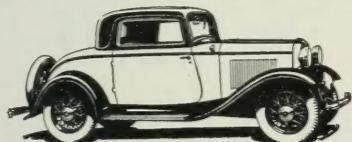
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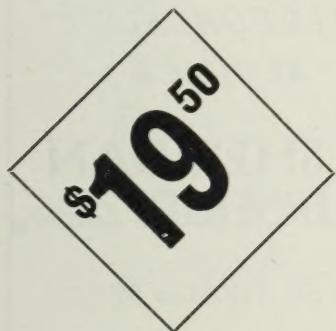
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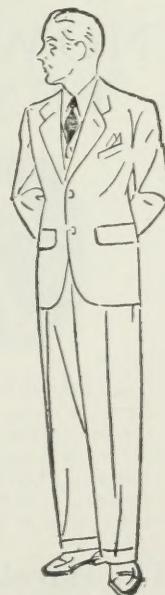
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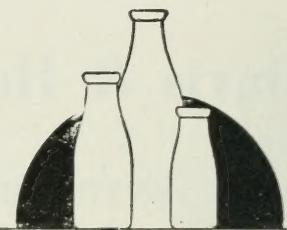
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